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DAY AND NIGHT.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

Said Day to Night—
"I bring God's light;
What gift have you?"
Night said, "The dew."

"I give bright hours,"
Quoth Day, "and flowers."
Said Night, "More blest,
I bring sweet rest."

With None Between.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVER AND LORD," "WITH A ROD OF IRON," "A MAD LOVE," "DOLLY'S LUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

BUT the conviction he utters so decisively does not serve to give him a quiet night. He turns and tosses restlessly upon his pillow as the leaden hours creep on, pursued and tortured by phantom horrors, by ugly memories stirred from their long lethargy of repose; and, when towards morning sleep does come to the harassed worn-out man, the sweet restorer hardly comes in friendly shape, for it brings with it dreams and visions more hideous than his waking thoughts.

Mrs. Jephson does not fail to notice and comment upon his fatigue and pallor when they meet at the breakfast-table, and it is all Lord Archdale can do to bear her questioning with equanimity and force himself to give it a civil reply.

"You look as though you had seen a ghost; and yet this house is too modern for anything so romantic as a family spectre! We could not put you in a haunted chamber if we tried," the lady chatters on, sipping her tea and cracking her crisp toast with vivacity.

"I am quite satisfied with more prosaic accommodation, Mrs. Jephson," he answers, with a grim uncomfortable smile; "besides, it is not always necessary to provide spectres on the premises—some of us carry our own ghosts with us wherever we go."

"You were haunted, then?" Helen Jephson cries, with terrible quickness, for he has spoken at random.

Meeting Kitty's attentive glance too, he sees that the same thought is in her mind, and hastens to add—

"By no means—or rather by no spectres more terrible than my regret at leaving the Elms!"

"Oh—thanks! That is nicely turned!" the lady observes, though she looks neither satisfied nor pleased. "And must you really go to-day?"

"I really must, and by an early train," Lord Archdale answers, looking at the clock and rising from the table—"so early, that I must leave you almost immediately, as I have an appointment at noon."

"Then you will not see Quentin; he had no idea you would start so early; he went by the eight-o'clock train this morning, as he promised to get some important business over and be back by two."

"I am sorry, but we shall meet in town; besides, with your permission, Mrs. Jephson, I shall run down and see you again very soon."

Consciously or unconsciously, his glance rests on Kitty's face with an expression no looker-on could fail to understand. Mrs. Jephson sees and interprets it at once, and the old struggle renews itself in the narrow selfish heart. It will be hard to see Kitty a Viscountess, rich, honored, and admired, as Helen admits, with a sharp thrill of envy, she is sure to be despite her unæsthetic style; but, on the other hand, it will be sweet to have her out of the house, to be freed for ever from the presence that is to her a visible reproach.

"He means to marry her, and I will not hinder his suit," she decides magnanimously, as the last consideration brings the wavering balance decisively down; "it is in my power to be friend or foe, and I will let him know he may depend upon my friendly offices. He will need them, perhaps, for Kitty will not be over-easy to win. Most girls in her position would not only be dazzled by the glitter of a coronet, but glad to escape from home on any terms. But one can never be sure with her; I shall act the part of benevolent fairy, and force her to accept the good things Fate has in store. Perhaps she will be grateful—more probably not—but in any case an easy conscience will be my best reward."

Thrilled with this consciousness of supreme virtue, she turns to her step-daughter, and says, with an exhausted air—

"Kitty, you 'welcomed the coming,' you must act as my deputy and 'speed the parting guest' now. I feel so languid and fatigued this morning, I dare not venture out. Get your hat on, like a good girl, and drive Lord Archdale to the station."

A little to Mrs. Jephson's surprise, Lord Archdale does not look by any means enraptured by the suggestion; she even thinks there is a faint trace of annoyance in his face; and when Kitty, accepting as a matter of course the task assigned her, has left the room to don her out-door attire, she turns to his lordship with something of plaintive reproach.

"Am I mistaken then, Lord Archdale? I thought I was winning myself a high place in your regard by giving you so charming a charioteer."

"You could not win what was yours already, but you have made me deeply grateful," Lord Archdale answers. "It is useless to try to blind eyes so keen and bright as yours, Mrs. Jephson, and they have long since read my secret."

"You mean your admiration for my step-daughter?"

The words are spoken with a little pout. Even now, pleased as she is with what she hears, Helen Jephson cannot speak without a jealous pang of the admiration that should have been offered at her own shrine; but there is a practical ring about the man's next words that restores her complacency at once.

"I mean my wish, my strong and ardent wish, to make her my wife! I am older than she is, Mrs. Jephson, but not too old to love her very dearly, to make her happy, I think!"

"Of course, of course," the other interrupts, with a touch of impatience and scorn, "I am delighted with what you tell me, and think Kitty a very lucky girl! Have you spoken to her yet?"

"Not yet."

"Then I have given you your chance. Strike while the iron is hot, speak to her to-day, and, if she seems to hesitate, leave her to me."

"But if she sends me from her with a decided 'No?'"

"Do not accept it; leave your cause to me. You can have no firmer or more zealous friend. Hush, here she is!"

They start away from each other with very much the air of two conspirators, Kitty thinks, as she re-enters the room; but not for a second does she think that she is the object of the conspiracy. Indeed the vague fancy suggested by the embarrassment just flits across her mind and is gone long before she has taken her place in the dainty little carriage, and the well-matched ponies, under her skilful guidance, are spinning merrily along the road.

Mrs. Jephson stands in the doorway, shading her eyes with one slim hand from the strong morning sun, so long as they remain within sight; then, as she turns back to the house, she mutters, with a peculiar smile that certainly indicates neither benevolence nor mirth—

"She will accept him, not at first, I think, but she will and must! And then, when she is Lady Archdale and the envy of all her compeers, I shall not only be rid of her but well avenged for all her silent scorn, for he will never make her happy. I doubt if he will be even kind! No, my dear Kitty, I do not think I need envy you your good fortune. You would have been a happier girl if you had foreseen your father's marriage and not sent Oscar Clifford away."

CHAPTER X.

Meanwhile nothing of a very interesting nature passes between Lord Archdale and Kitty. Indeed, they are both rather silent for the first part of the drive, both being, oddly enough, occupied with the same subject, though, as a matter of course, they regard it from different standpoints.

Kitty is the first to speak, and her words rouse her companion from the half-reverie into which he has fallen.

"I wish you would tell me something about your 'Eurydice,' Lord Archdale," she says suddenly, turning round. "That picture haunts me; I am sure there is some story connected with it."

"It is the face of a very beautiful and gifted woman who looked the tragic part she had to play—a great singer, dead before your time," he answers quickly.

"You knew her well?"

"Very well. But she is long since dead and forgotten."

Kitty is not generally tactless, persistent, or in any way ill-bred, and she is perfectly conscious of the impatience of Lord Archdale's reply, but nevertheless she cannot persuade herself to let the subject drop.

"You are sure—quite sure that she is dead?" she asks earnestly. "Is it not possible that she might have disappeared from her profession and yet be living still?"

"Impossible!" is the brief and imperative answer. "I have my own reasons for knowing that Stella is and must be dead. Let her rest in her grave now; her life was full of storm and passion for herself and all those with whom she had to do. It would be useless to tell you her story, Miss Jephson. Enough of her now; there are not many minutes left, and I wish to speak to you of yourself."

"Of myself?" Kitty echoes, with a terribly direct glance that disconcerts the man of the world. "Surely, Lord Archdale, it will not take more than a few minutes to say all you can wish to say to me? It cannot now."

Kitty smiles frankly and pleasantly; but there is no answering smile on the face so near her own—the face that looks older and less handsome than she has ever seen it, the girl thinks, and that wears a curious grayish pallor now.

"I have put off the question that has been burning on my lips for a week past till this last moment, and yet it may well seem to you that I speak too soon! Do you understand me, Miss Jephson?" says Lord Archdale.

"Not quite," Kitty replies, after a second's hesitation. She is too honest for any sort of feminine affectation, and will not pretend to misunderstand him altogether, or ignore the very evident purpose of his look and tone. "But I am sure you will ask me no question to which I should find it hard or painful to reply."

"I will ask you only this, and remember your answer means, if not exactly life and death, at any rate more than I can express in words, to me. Are you heart-whole and heart-free?"

It is not the question, at any rate not the form of question Kitty has expected, and the suddenness of it drives the bright blood from her cheeks, but she only raises her head a little higher, as she says proudly—

"That is a question you have no right to ask!"

"But I have, or I will make the right, Miss Jephson! Kitty, listen, and do not be angry with me, at any rate, until you understand. I ask this because I must ask nothing more. If, as I have been told, your affections are indeed unhappily engaged——"

"As you have been told? Unhappily engaged?" Kitty echoes growing scarlet and white by turns in her bewildered agitation and thinking Heaven knows what horrible things of Oscar Clifford and of her companion's late stay in Rome. "You must explain, Lord Archdale. Who told you such wild unjustifiable stories of me?"

"I can only blame myself and my own jealous fears," the man begins; but Kitty catches him up quickly.

"You said, 'As I have been told.' Who spoke to you of me?"

There is no evading the direct question, the direct glance. Perhaps in his heart Lord Archdale is not sorry to answer, though he makes much show of being discomposed and taken aback.

"I had no right to say that; and yet, Miss Jephson, do not let me make mischief between you and your step-mother; but inadvertently she gave me to understand that you——" He pauses, gnawing his moustache and looking thoroughly at a loss for a word.

"That I—— Pray finish the sentence, Lord Archdale!"

"That you—well, in fact, that you cared so much for Mr. Oscar Clifford it was useless for any other man to try his chance with you."

There was a brief silence, filled with keen anxiety for the one, with sharp shamed anguish for the other; then Kitty says—

"And you believed her, knowing Oscar Clifford to be an engaged man? You and Mrs. Jephson pay me a high compliment, Lord Archdale! Do I look like the pining victim of an unrequited passion?"

She looks superbly beautiful in her roused pride. Looking at her, a sudden intoxication seizes on the man, who has meant to play a waiting game, to make sure of his prey before he attempts to hold it.

"You look like—not like an angel, Kitty, but like yourself, the most beautiful woman in the world! No, do not be offended!"—as the girl draws back with a quick indignant look. "I had not meant to speak so soon; but you must hear me now. Will you answer this calumny at once? Will you confound your step-mother and all the gossips who link your name with Oscar Clifford? In other words, will you marry me?"

"Marry you!" exclaims Kitty.

"Yes, me. I know you do not love me as—as you might love were Oscar Clifford in my place. Forgive me; I withdraw that phrase. I mean, as you might love some younger man; but I would make you happy. And you are not happy here. Your home is changed; your father has other cares and other interests. I have

been too long an inmate of the Elms not to know that there are moments when you must feel terribly alone, and even in the way of those who would be happier without you."

The last arrow goes straight to its mark. Kitty's eyes are brighter than ever, but they sparkle through a veil of tears, as she says, with a forced laugh—

"You sketch my position with cruel clearness; this is plain speaking indeed."

"I wish I could make it plainer still—could make you see things as I see them. Kitty, think and tell me plainly—is there no hope for me?"

It is an artfully-worded appeal, and one of which Kitty Jephson feels the full force. Had he pleaded with her as a lover and asked for her love, she could have answered and dismissed him at once; but, when he puts romance out of the question and argues the matter in this quiet reasonable fashion, she instinctively listens and feels that there are sense and reason in his words.

"Is there no hope, Kitty?" he goes on, rightly interpreting that silence as a hopeful sign. "I can offer you freedom and a broader life, escape from a painful position, and such devotion as will win your love at last. Is there nothing in that offer worth the taking?"

"Much," Kitty answers honestly, "much that should make me very proud and grateful, Lord Archdale—much even that tempts me to say 'Yes' to what is a very generous offer; but still——"

"Do not spoil the sentence," he interrupts eagerly; "let it stand and leave me hope at least. Take a week to think the matter over; the temptation may strengthen and the 'buts' disappear."

Kitty shakes her head, but at heart she is not indisposed to yield to his wish. She has no particular liking for Lord Archdale, but he has been a bright and cheery companion at least. She will miss him when he is absent, and she has not courage at this crisis of her life to send him from her forever.

"Here we are at the station!" Kitty cries hastily, thankful indeed for the excuse that seems to her an escape. "Good-bye, Lord Archdale! I will answer you next week."

"This day week; this is Thursday. Thank you a thousand times; you have made me almost immeasurably happy!"

"Oh, stay, please!" Kitty grows quite pale, and struggles with a faint feeling of dismay as she sees how very much he seems inclined to take her consent for granted now. "You must not thank me yet."

He takes the gauntleted hand that is held out in deprecating fashion and lifts it to his lips.

"I thank you for not saying 'No.' I think you will give my prayer a kindly hearing, and I shall live in hope till this day week. Till then, good-bye!"

He is gone with the last words and in the train before the confused and bewildered girl has found an answer, very well satisfied with the first half of his morning's work; and, with the frame of mind in which he has left the girl, he is now quite sure that he can win.

But, though he has taken a ticket for London, he does not proceed to his destination at once, but alights at the next little station and asks his way to Conway Dell.

"I shall have no peace till I see Stella's mysterious replica," he thinks, as he walks briskly along the sunny dusty road; "but how to manage an interview—that is the difficulty. If Mrs. Wentworth is such as recluse as they say, she may well refuse to receive a casual visitor. Well, I shall just walk straight up to the house and take stock of her surroundings, trusting to fortune to befriend me, or my own wit to help me out of any particularly awkward fix."

Fortune does befriend him, and in a curious way. As he walks up through the long avenue of trees, he passes a light cart laden with luggage, and, as he comes within sight of the house, he sees that a carriage stands at the door. A little golden-haired boy is capering with pleasurable excitement on the steps, and a maid, dressed for traveling, comes out with some small parcels in her hand.

"By George—a move! Does it mean a bolt, I wonder?" the man thinks, as he draws back hastily into the shadow of the trees. "This grows more and more interesting and sensational. Have I stumbled on a mere coincidence, or is Stella's double being frightened away? I must stay now and see."

He has not long to wait. The maid has packed all her parcels, and stands by the carriage door. The little lad grows impatient of delay, and cries eagerly—

"We are all ready, mother—only waiting for you!"

"And I am here now, Georgie," answers a clear sweet voice from the hall—a voice that causes the blood to rush suddenly to the listener's impassive face, brings a quick angry light to his cold eyes, and makes his heart throb with unpleasant quickness. A moment back he meditated a discreet withdrawal; but, having heard that voice, he is powerless to stir until he has met the speaker face to face.

For once in his life indeed Lord Archdale fairly forgets himself and his surroundings and acts upon impulse only.

As a slender, black-robed, and closely-veiled figure comes suddenly out into the sunlight he takes a step or two forward, and stands fully revealed, at least to Georgie and the maid.

The latter utters a little startled cry; the former, acting on some queer warning instinct, draws up his little figure and stands before his mother in a half-unconscious attitude of defence.

"Mother, look!" he says eagerly, and then Mrs. Wentworth turns round and looks full in Lord Archdale's face.

Her own face is hidden by the thick gauze veil, but all her slender figure seems to stiffen into stone. A cry, so low as hardly to rise above a whisper, breaks from the parted lips, which show in a waxen line against the sombre veil.

"Mother, what is it?" Georgie asks wonderingly; but his mother does not answer, only shrinks from his light and loving touch; then he turns with boyish anger on the stranger and cries defiantly—

"Do you know that these are private grounds, sir, and that you are frightening my mother very much?"

Lord Archdale smiles, at which the boy feels that he hates him more than ever. His lordship's coolness is quite restored, and he feels himself master of the situation now.

"They are Mrs. Wentworth's property, and this is Mrs. Wentworth, I believe," he answers, with a suave superiority that drives his eager little antagonist almost mad; "but I do not deserve your reproaches, and your mother does not need you as a champion, Master Georgie; she is not afraid of an old friend."

He lays a marked emphasis on the last words—an emphasis intended for other than the childish ear on which it grates so unpleasantly.

Georgie scowls fiercely at him, and turns to his mother, mutely asking for permission to order the intruder off the grounds; but Mrs. Wentworth seems to have lost all power of speech or motion, and it is Lord Archdale who answers that appealing glance.

"Mrs. Wentworth is not angry with me, Georgie; on the contrary, she will be very pleased to see me and talk over old times when she has got over her slight surprise."

"I don't believe it!" the boy blurts out impetuously. "She is angry and—and frightened. Mother, are you not?"

He throws his little arms about her, and looks with beseeching eyes up at the veiled face. The look or touch rouses her and breaks the paralysing spell. The little lad feels a sharp spasmodic shiver run through the slender figure, feels the slight hot hand upon his shoulder tighten its clasp to a grip of feverish pain; then the woman raises her head and says, in the sweet ringing tones he knows and loves so well—

"This gentleman is right, Georgie; I am not frightened, I have nothing to fear."

"Certainly not," the man agrees airily, and with a smile that seems truly diabolical to the still puzzled and suspicious child; "I have come at an inopportune time, I fear; but you will not grudge me a few minutes' interview."

Mrs. Wentworth hesitates for a moment, and he hastens to add—

"A business interview in which we can discuss matters of moment to us both. You will not—you must not—refuse so small a favor to so old a friend."

The emphasis on the "must" is almost imperceptible, but the woman writhes under it as under the sharp cut of a whip, knowing that the man who speaks is her master, and that she has no choice but to obey.

"Wilmont, we will go by the later train," she says to the puzzled maid. "Georgie, run into the house, dear; I must see this gentleman for a little while alone."

But Georgie, usually the most obedient of boys, shows symptoms of rebellion now and declines to be thus summarily dismissed.

"Let me stay, mother," he cries eagerly, now looking coaxingly into his mother's face and now turning to scowl defiance at the amusedly observant man; "I will be very good and quiet; do not send me away."

A sudden mist of tears blurs the miserable mother's vision; she stoops and passionately kisses the child's face, but nevertheless puts him resolutely away.

"Go, Georgie, when I tell you; I will send for you soon."

Coloring deeply at the unwonted rebuke, and with his boyish pride smarting under the consciousness of defeat, Georgie goes. Not trusting herself to look after him, Mrs. Wentworth turns back to the house, saying coldly—

"I am at your service now."

But, having secured the interview he asked for, Lord Archdale seems in no hurry to enter the house. He stands on the lowest of the terraced steps, looks round at the pretty house, the well-kept park-like grounds, and says in an approving tone—

"Conway Dell is a pretty place. I do not know that, on a small scale, I ever saw a prettier. Were you making up your mind to leave it for long?"

She mutters some impatient and inaudible reply, and moves into the house. He follows, still talking with the same bland ease and show of polite interest in all around.

"And that fine little fellow will be master here some day! A lucky lad—one of fortune's favorites from his birth!"

"Are you fiend or man?" she asks, turning on him with a passion that takes even him aback for the moment; but he recovers himself at once, and answers, with his sweetest smile—

"I am what you choose to make me, Mrs. Wentworth; but at present I am only your good friend. But perhaps it would be well to defer our discussion until we are within closed doors?"

CHAPTER XI.

ONCE within the room the thin veil of half-mocking courtesy he has hitherto worn drops from Lord Archdale. He sinks into an arm-chair with the air of one who feels himself complete master of the situation, and laughs aloud with a sort of diabolical glee.

"So this is how we meet again after more than fifteen years, Stella? To think that after we put the width of the world between us we should drift together in this small hole—it is just a little too absurd!"

He laughs again, lolling back in his chair, surveying the woman, who stands rigidly erect still, through his half-closed eyelids with a keener and more watchful attention than he perhaps cares for her to see. But she does not help him with a word, and he proceeds.

"The delicious absurdity of our respective positions does not seem to strike you! Yet, among other admirable qualities, you possessed a fine sense of the ridiculous once! But perhaps you are a little stunned by the surprise of seeing me? I was in a measure prepared, and came here with the intention of solving some doubts as to your identity; but you, I suppose, never dreamed that I was near?"

"I knew you were in the neighborhood, Lord Archdale."

"Lord Archdale!" he echoes mockingly. "We were Frank and Stella when last we met. However that interview was not so agreeable that we need care to recall it now, and Fortune's wheel has revolved for both of us since then. The impecunious and unlucky Frank Maynard you discarded has succeeded to his cousin's title and his aunt's wealth, while you, after what adventures and experiences we will not too closely inquire, are respected by a whole neighborhood as General Wentworth's disconsolate widow and the devoted mother of his heir."

Again the mention of her boy seems to rouse the miserable mother from her lethargy of pain. She turns with the same tigress-like passion on her tormentor, and cries fiercely—

"Do not speak of him—say what you will to me, but do not drag my boy's name in!"

"His name!" Lord Archdale elevates his brows in a fashion that gives cruel significance to the echoed words. "Well, well, you shall have your way! I know that is rather a tender point with you. When we fell out before it was about your child."

A cry, so wild, so pitiful that it almost startles him into something like a human feeling, breaks from the white drawn lips.

"Oh, Heaven help me! There is neither pity nor mercy in this man!"

He gets up and stands between her and the door, to which in her utter desperation she has moved.

"And you want neither—you want only a little common-sense, Stella," he says quickly, but in the calm every-day tone to which he thinks the excited woman is most likely to submit. "Come back; be reasonable and listen to me."

"Not while you speak of my child."

"Very well, we will not speak of him or anything unpleasant. You are a clever woman, Stella, and a credit to your present surroundings; but the scent of the footlights clings to you still. Your stage training peeps out in all you say and do. That was a true outburst in which you indulged just now. But we want neither melodrama nor tragedy here, only a little common-sense."

She suffers him to bring her back to the hearth and place her in a chair. She prepares herself to listen in sullen silence to what he has to say.

"Oblige me by throwing back your veil. I want to see if Time has been as kind to you as Fate."

She throws off the thick gauze, and he can hardly repress an exclamation at the face he sees—the face of the "Eurydice" worn to skin and bone, with all the soft bloom changed to unearthly whiteness and a scarcely less ghastly hectic spot on either cheek.

"You have been ill—you are now," he says, shocked into something like sympathy; and the tone thrills her with a faint far-off hope.

"I am a dying woman, Lord Archdale, and glad that you should see and know it. Perhaps that knowledge may make you spare me for a little while."

Hard and cruel as he is, steeped to the soul in selfishness, and absolutely indifferent to others' pain, Lord Archdale listens uneasily to this appeal, declines to meet the haggard imploring eyes, and answers, with a sort of rough impatience—

"Spare you! Again those exaggerated phrases, Stella! Why will you not take a calm and sensible view of the matter—take some such view as mine? Do you think I have come here to harm or frighten you after all these years?"

"For what other purpose could you come?"

He laughs, more naturally and easily now.

"For several, my dear Mrs. Wentworth, though on the whole, considering the estimation in which you seem to hold me, that is rather a flattering question of yours. I wonder you do not take it for granted that I came to levy blackmail."

"You are a rich man," Stella Wentworth answers decisively, "but blackmail is levied in many forms."

"True," he agrees, with an approving glance. "Now I recognise the bright sharp-witted Stella of the old days. I am here not to threaten, to harm, to rob you, or disturb the placid current of your life in any way. We did well for ourselves, Stella, when we took our fates in our own hands and broke the foolish tie between us years ago."

Stella gives one quick frightened look into the hard impassive face, and echoes, in a voice that has a curious sharp ring of doubt and terror—

"Yes—so far we did well."

"So far! You did well and rightly when you resolutely turned your back upon the past and married General Wentworth. By-the-way, I hope you were happy in your second marriage?"

"Happy?" she repeats, with passionate and bitter scorn. "I am bad enough, Heaven knows, but not quite wretch enough to be happy in a life-long treachery to the noble gentleman who loved and trusted me to the last!"

"Footlights again! I see no reason why, having acted like a sensible woman and done your best to retrieve a foolish past, you should have made this marriage, I am sure!"

"No." The color mounts swiftly and painfully to the roots of the soft hair wherein there glitters many a silver thread. "He was happy, for he never knew the shameful wrong I had done him."

"Wrong! Imaginative nonsense again! He took you for a good and pretty woman, who would make him a kind and attentive wife. He found you that, I am sure, and so where was the wrong? The past, of which he knew nothing, was as nothing to him."

"And the future," Stella exclaims—"what of the future? Was that nothing to him, Francis Maynard—the future that may bring shame and ruin to his child?"

Lord Archdale looks decidedly uncomfortable; and yet there is a certain degree of satisfaction in his thoughts. The wild terror, the maddened sense of shame and

guilt, may not be pleasant to witness, but, though he may never need to use them, they are useful weapons to have at hand.

"Come, come—you must not exaggerate!" he says soothingly. "The past is done with, and the future is safe enough. Of course I see that the trifling irregularity in your marriage arrangements may make Master Georgie's position a little awkward by-and-by; but there is not much fear. We have kept our secret so well that, as a matter of fact it rests in your hands and mine."

She looks at the handsome cruel face and recalls her bitter experience of the selfish pitiless nature, and all the anguish of her heart finds vent in one wild cry.

"In your hands—yours! Oh, Heaven help and pity my poor boy, who had done no wrong—who must suffer for his mother's sin!"

Lord Archdale smiles as he twists his gray moustache; but the smile is fiercer and more threatening than many a frown, though he repeats suavely—

"I said in your hands and mine, and, not being in the heroic vein, I spoke advisedly. You cannot suppose that out of sheer useless malice I should do the little fellow harm. I tread under foot those who oppose me, but I am not wantonly cruel—am I, Stella?"

"I do not know," she answers, with a shudder. "What made you hunt me down? What but wanton cruelty made you seek me here to-day?"

"Business, self-interest, curiosity—a mingling of all three; they make a motive-power sufficiently strong. But I did not 'hunt you down,' as you poetically put it. The merest accident gave me last night a clue to your whereabouts. I was showing an old album of sketches to Miss Jephson, and among them, quite by accident, there was that of you as 'Eurydice.'"

"Miss Jephson!" Stella breaks in breathlessly. "Did she tell you then? Did she break her word?"

Lord Archdale's face darkens savagely; his eyes flash fiercely.

"She told me nothing; she seemed even to regret her involuntary cry of recognition; but I knew there was something she wished to conceal. It is not possible that you have made a confidante of her—that she, of all people in the world, should know your secret and mine?"

The ungoverned fury of his look and tone is something terrible—all the more terrible because of the contrast it presents to his usual impassive calm, and it might well daunt a stronger woman than the fragile hollow-eyed creature whose color comes and goes with feverish fitfulness. But there comes a flash of spirit into the worn face as she answers, with icy scorn—

"I have told her nothing. Was mine a secret to tell? But"—half rising from her chair with a fierce and terrible energy—"why should you care to whom it was told? Why should not Katherine Jephson hear it as well as another?"

"Wait, and you shall hear, the question is most opportune, as it brings me to the object of my visit. I want a little plain speech with you, Mrs. Wentworth—want you fully to understand that, in dealing as you have done with your own life, you have forfeited all right to interfere with mine."

"I know." The woman cowers before him, shuddering from head to foot, but still raising her imploring anguished eyes to his. "I know how hard, how cruel you can be, Frank; but you are human still. Torture me as you please—there is no pain, no punishment I do not deserve and cannot bear—but tell me that you mean no harm to that innocent girl."

He looks at her and breaks into a low contemptuous laugh.

"The world is wealthy in wronged innocence, according to you. First you lament over the perils that environ your innocent boy, and then Miss Jephson's dangerous position calls forth your prayers and tears. What harm can I possibly do that very-well-protected young lady, for whom, moreover, I have the greatest possible admiration and respect?"

Harshly cynical as the speech is, the woman hears it with something like relief. After all, it is possible—any, more than possible—that her morbid fears have misled her—that Kitty Jephson may not have won the dangerous honor of his regard.

"Forgive me!" she says, with abject humility, veiling her face with one white transparent-looking hand. "I hardly knew what I was saying. I thought—I fear——"

"That is enough!" He cuts the broken apology short with a grandly magnanimous air. "You thought your friend was in danger, and generously came to her aid; but your zeal was wasted. She and I perfectly understand each other, and she will be Lady Archdale soon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS PENALTIES.

The history of obsolete pains and penalties is a remarkable one. The darker side of it is, indeed, as black as Erebus—a ghastly record of human cruelty and suffering, and it is impossible to repress a shudder at the thought of the diabolical tortures which the law at one period not only permitted, but even enjoined.

At the same time, the chronicles of punishment are not altogether unrelieved by touches of drollery here and there; for our ancestors occasionally resorted to very unique methods of bringing offenders to a sense of their iniquities.

Some of the minor penalties inflicted were more ludicrous than painful; and it must be conceded that the administration of justice in the olden days afforded infinitely more entertainment to the public in general—who not unfrequently took an active part in its discharge themselves—than it does at the present time.

The taste may be a morbid one, but a keen relish for witnessing the infliction of punishment is undoubtedly one of the chief characteristics of the human race, in proof of which one has only to recollect the crowds that invariably assembled at Newgate whenever an execution was to take place.

To take another instance, one cannot but think that the once terribly lengthy services of the Scottish kirk would have proved too intolerable to be borne, had it not been for the pleasing distraction of watching such offenders as were forced to perform public penance.

Of these there were pretty sure to be some, for the church discipline of Scotland was mighty severe, and that ecclesiastical instrument of punishment, the stool of repentance, seldom lacked an occupant.

For the edification of the congregation, it was placed in front of the pulpit, well in view of everyone; and the rule was that penitents should wait at the church door until the end of the first prayer, when they were solemnly marched in by the sexton, seated upon the "cutty stool," and left there until the close of the sermon.

They usually wore a penitential habit of the coarsest linen, which went by different names in various parts of the country, such as the "sack goun," the "harden goun," or simply the "linens."

If the offenders were women, the sexton was careful to take away their plaids before they mounted the stool, that they might not muffle their faces in that useful all-concealing garment.

Certain people who had consulted witches were ordered to appear during morning service "clothed in black and standing under the bell-strings"; and in 1650 a burgess, for rashly and suddenly "destroying the head of the town's drum," was fined fifty pounds, Scots, and made to kneel and ask the pardon of the provost, baillies, and council.

Attendance at church was very strictly enforced. In 1568 the Kirk Session of Aberdeen decreed a sixpenny fine for every absence from a service; elders and deacons to pay two shillings.

Thirty years later a citizen and his wife could not stay at home on the Sabbath under a penalty of 13s. 4d., in 1651 gentlemen were to be "damnified in 6s. 8d., men in 3s. 4d., and servants in 20 pennies."

Snuff-taking in church was fined 6s. 8d. Besides the stool of repentance many churches possessed in addition "jaggs," an iron collar with a padlock attached to the church wall by the principal door.

In 1648 a woman, for "seething bark" on the Lord's Day, was jagged three several Sabbaths; and there have been cases when a person underwent the penance of the iron collar for six months.

It was regarded as a peculiarly disgraceful punishment, and the elders could not always induce their penitents to submit to it. Punishment involving dishonor was very frequent in the Middle Ages.

There was that curious penance known to antiquarians as "canophoria," which consisted in a person walking barefooted and bareheaded, carrying a dog across his shoulders, generally from the place of the crime to the doors of the principal church or monastery in the district.

The noble carried a dog, the serf a saddle; and it is on record of that the Emperor Barbarossa obliged one his most powerful knights with ten of his companions to walk a German mile, each with a dog on his shoulders.

It is curious how the idea of insult came to be connected with the dog, the owner of so many noble qualities; but instances often occur of malefactors being hanged with a dog by their side, as an additional mark of degradation.

A knight convicted of some grave misdemeanor might think himself fortunate if he got off with a dose of "canophoria," and had to carry a dog a mile or two, instead of being degraded from his position. This was a terrible penalty, and one we seldom find inflicted.

Stripped of his armor, the recreant knight was exposed on a scaffold, in nothing but his shirt. His spurs, hacked off his heels by the cook's cleaver, were thrown upon a dunghill, his weapons broken to pieces, his shield dragged through the mire, his horse's tail cut off. Three times a herald-at-arms called out, "Who is there?" and each time, upon receiving for answer the knight's name, replied, "No, it is not so: I see no knight here. I see only a coward, who has been false to his plighted faith."

The last act of this impressive and curious ceremony consisted in carrying the wretched man to the church on a litter, when the burial service was read over him as over a corpse.

The "Amende Honorable" was a penance constantly exacted in France from accused persons; sometimes it was a separate punishment, more frequently it preceded execution. Lacroix tells us that the criminal, in his shirt, with a rope round his neck, followed by the executioner, and holding a wax taper with a weight of 2lb. or 4lb. attached to it, walked to the door of a church, where he knelt and in a loud voice confessed his sin and besought the pardon of God and man. The same writer relates a ludicrous penance adjudged to a woman in the year 1534, a time when the fasting seasons of the Church were severely enforced. After walking barefooted in a Lenten procession, the good lady had the temerity to go home and dine sumptuously off a quarter of lamb and a ham, the appetizing odor of which got into the street and betrayed her.

The house was entered, and the woman, caught in the very act, was condemned for her backsliding to walk through the town, the quarter of lamb on the spit over her shoulder, and the ham hung round her neck.

She got off lightly, for Clement Marot, for eating pork in Lent, was imprisoned and narrowly escaped being burnt alive.

One of the most curious as well as horrible punishments of the eighteenth century was enforced under an edict of Frederick William I., of Prussia, and consisted in sewing up in a sack a person convicted of child murder, together with a dog, an ape, a cock, and a viper, and so drowning the unhappy wretch.

The stocks, the pillory, the branks, the ducking stool have all done much service in their day, which, luckily for us, is now over. An Act of Parliament put an end in 1837 to the use of the pillory, in which many generations of rogues, and not a few honest men, suffered ignominious imprisonment, enlivened by tributes from the crowd in the shape of rotten eggs and other refuse.

Daniel Defoe, for publishing an obnoxious pamphlet, was put three times in the pillory; the people threw garlands and stood round drinking his health.

A droll incident happened in Elizabeth's reign, when a man who had nearly got hanged in the pillory through the breaking of the footboard brought an action against the town and actually recovered damages.

The ducking stool and the branks were both contrived with the laudable object in view of curbing the tongues of shrews; of the two, the branks is by far the more modern.

It was a sort of bridle which was fastened round the head and locked on; a piece of metal went into the mouth and acted as a gag; and there was usually a chain attached to it, by which the scold was led about and exhibited.

There are several of these curious instruments of punishment still in existence.

At St. Mary's Church in the town of St. Andrews is one known as the Bishop's Brank; another is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; but the most ancient specimen extant belongs to the church of Walton-on-Thames.

According to local tradition, it was presented to Walton by a gentleman named Chester, who lost an estate through a woman's mischievous tongue.

It bears the date 1623, with the distich, "Chester presents Walton with a bridle, To curb women's tongues that talk so idle."

ALL drain-pipes should be made of non-porous material, and ordinary bricks should never be used.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN BORNEO.—Charles Hose, an explorer, recently made a trip up the Baram river, in Borneo, and noted several strange customs practiced by the natives. One night he slept in a native house, and, upon awakening, was surprised to find at the head of his bed a large box, which proved to be a coffin. On inquiry he learned that the coffin contained the mortal remains of the chief's late wife. He found that it was the custom of these savages to keep a corpse in the house for three months before burying it.

A SAN FRANCISCO GENIUS.—Joseph Schlesser has invented a steam sledge on which he thinks he will be able to reach the North Pole. The sledge is arranged with a number of steel arms, and these arms, when set in motion by the small petroleum engine on the sledge, propel the machine forward. The sledge is also provided with a small cabin for the voyagers, and a large tank to contain the petroleum used for fuel. Schlesser thinks that he has solved the problem of polar exploration, and, having some property, intends to devote it to the purpose of getting farther north than white man has ever before gone.

SNAKES AND THE GERANIUM.—In South Africa, we are told, the geranium has the reputation of being a guard against snakes, which, it is said, avoid the plant as though it were poisonous. We are reminded that, though the flowers of the geranium are scentless, the leaves contain a quantity of volatile oil, with more or less pungent odors; and it is stated that no snake will come near a bed of these flowers. A missionary in South Africa has surrounded his house with a cordon of geraniums, with the result that it is never visited by these unwelcome intruders. The discovery of this property in the geranium is attributed to the Kaffirs.

TWO OLD SAYINGS.—The expression, "putting one's foot in it" is by no means elegant, but so expressive that, sometimes, nothing else can take its place. It has an amusing historical origin. When the title to land is disputed in Hindostan, two holes are dug in the ground, and one leg of each of the lawyers of the rival claimants is buried therein. In this awkward position the dusky legal champions fall to arguing, and the one who tires first loses his client's case. Thus in a very humiliating sense, both the losing litigant and the defeated lawyer have "put a foot in it." The expression "topsy-turvy" also originated in an odd way. When turf is used for fuel, it is laid out to dry with the right side down. Thus arose the phrase, "top-side turf-wise," pronounced "topsy-turvy," and meaning "upside down."

STORY OF A SUN-DIAL.—There are many interesting stories told of the buildings in the Inner Temple, the chief quarters of the London lawyers. On one house, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1838, there was a sun-dial whose motto was praised by Charles Lamb for its "strange heart language." Its language was certainly strange, though whether it stirred the heart or not may be doubted, for it read simply, "Begone about your business." This curious inscription is said by Mr. Loftie to have arisen in this way:—The workman who was setting up the dial asked the Treasurer of the Temple for a motto, and the latter, thinking the man was joking, replied in the words of the inscription. On his part, the workman, taking the Treasurer seriously, wrote the motto, "Begone about your business," which remained as long as the dial lasted.

LORD ALINGTON'S "WHITE FARM."—At Witchampton, near Bournemouth, Eng., Lord Alington has an interesting farm which he calls the White Farm, because only white animals are kept there. A white collie guards the entrance, and among the inmates are ravens, owls, Persian cats, mice, Asiatic goats, zebras, jackdaws, Java doves, turkeys, Aylesbury ducks, cavies, cockatoos, lambs, pigeons, pigs, deer, mules, draught horses—all white, happy, and healthy. Although Lord Alington's White Farm is only a hobby, there are countries in which white animals are held in great respect. Everybody has heard of the sacred white elephant of Burmah and Siam, and the honors that are paid to it. An albino bear is worshipped by the Ainu, or hairy folk of Japan, and in England white horses have always played a prominent part in public pageants and joyous processions.

MR. WICKWIRE—"What is that woman across the way trying to sing?" Mrs. Wickwire—"My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon." Mr. Wickwire—"Well, if he don't hear her, it isn't her fault."

THE SUNDAY NIGHT.

BY C. M.

Oftentimes, as the daylight dies,
And the distant chapel bell
Re-echoes to the sunset skies,
Come the dreams we love so well;
Our thoughts go back long years ago;
And children's voices softly flow,
As in the Sunday twilight dim
They sing together some sweet hymn.

On Sundays, as the sunlight fled
And the twilight mists arose,
When skies were paling overhead
And the day grew to a close,
The children of our house would raise
Their voices in a hymn of praise;
And as I dream, I seem to hear
The echoes swelling sweet and clear.

We used to sing—I with the rest—
Till the daylight passed away;
Each had the hymn he loved the best,
And we know them all to-day;
And when we hear the church-bells chime,
There lives that fair old Sunday time,
While in our dreams the sweet refrain
Of long ago comes back again.

LED ON BY FATE.

BY T. R. G.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

MAJOR BOWYER was never an early riser; but on the morning following Arabella's flight, he was unusually late, both he and Lord Cransford having indulged more freely than usual on the previous night. The first thing he did on entering the breakfast-room was to inquire for Arabella, and he was told that she had not yet left her room.

"Go and call her; tell her I'm waiting for my breakfast," he said testily.

Thomas left the room, returning in a few minutes with the intelligence that Miss Alsworth was not in her room; and her maid said that the bed had not been slept in. Search was at once made high and low, but no Arabella could be found.

Major Bowyer's stern and dark though still handsome countenance was more dark and lowering than usual when he realized the fact that his wicked plot had been defeated and that his victim had escaped. He was still more annoyed when Lord Cransford, on hearing of her flight, announced his intention of throwing up the game and proceeding to London by the next train.

Major Bowyer was, as may be imagined, dreadfully irate at Lord Cransford's desertion; and Thomas and the grooms who were sent to scour the country in search of the fugitive had rather a bad time of it; and in the end, when no tidings could be obtained of Arabella, Major Bowyer retreated to his study, there to drown his anxiety and vexation in his accustomed potations.

* * * * * *

Arabella, previous to starting, had carefully arranged her plan. She had decided that, instead of taking the train for London from the nearest station, she would walk to a small town some three miles distant, and take the down-train for Exeter. On her arrival she at once proceeded to the Queen Street Station, with a view to take the up-train by the Southwestern to Waterloo. Here, finding that she had over two hours to wait, she proceeded to a waiting-room, where she had not been long seated, when an old lady and her maid entered and sat down not far distant. The lady seemed of rather a garrulous nature, and after dilating on the stupidity of railway directors in not having trains ready for people, and telling Arabella where she was going to, she said:

"You seem to have no one with you, my child; you are very young to travel alone."

"Yes, I am quite alone," replied Arabella.

"And where is your destination?"

"London."

"Have you friends there?"

"No."

"I'm not inquisitive," said the old lady after a pause; "but I should very much like to know what is the business which is taking you to London?"

"No business at all. I've run away from my guardian."

"Run away! What for?"

"Because he wanted to marry me to a bad man, a man I hated."

"And you are going to London alone, and have no friends there! Why, child, you must be mad!"

"Oh! I've got plenty of friends, but not in London;" and then the poor girl, who was moved by the tender tones of the stranger, told her the whole story. When Arabella mentioned the name of Lord Cransford, the old lady started.

"Lord Cransford!" she exclaimed. "My dear child, what an escape you've had! He's the most disreputable young man I know. I don't wonder at you running away; but to go to London without money or friends!"

"Oh! I've plenty of money," retorted Arabella; "so, if you will help me to find respectable lodgings when I get there, you will be doing me a great service."

"Lodgings, child! Let you go into lodgings all by yourself! No, no; I'm going to take you home with me."

"Oh yes, gladly, if you will let me pay for my board and apartments."

"I don't let apartments, and I don't take boarders," replied the old lady, "but I wish to have a companion for a time, and I have taken a fancy to you, if you will come."

"I am not sure," replied Arabella, "that I would be right in engaging myself permanently, more especially that I have money to pay for what I want."

"Don't you see," answered the lady, "that a girl, a beautiful and attractive girl like you, living alone in lodgings, would be in great danger? It's not to be thought of. You do not know me, and I admire your independence. Indeed, if you will not accept of my invitation, I do not know what can be done; however, we will talk more about it in the train, as I see Johnson has taken our tickets. You had better get yours. Have you any luggage?"

"No, not any," replied Arabella, with some hesitation. She was looking with something like dismay at the grand gentleman in livery who addressed the little old lady as "Your Grace!" She felt hot and red, and ready to sink into the earth. This lady to whom she had offered payment for her board and lodgings was a Duchess! It was a dreadful situation; but at the moment there was nothing to be done but to get her ticket, which she did at once.

When they were seated and the train had started, the old lady turned to Arabella and said laughingly:

"Now, child, will you refuse to accept my offer, if I refuse to take payment for your board and lodging?"

"No, no," replied Arabella, blushing hotly. "Pray, pardon me; it was done in pure ignorance."

"I know it was, child; and I'll forgive you if you will let me shelter you for a time at least. I really think it was a special providence that we should be thus thrown together. There is no knowing what might have happened if I had not made a mistake in the train. You are young and inexperienced. You say you have money; you might have been robbed."

In pleasant chat, the time passed quickly, Arabella every minute growing more in love with this delightful old lady, who was doing all she could to make the poor girl by her side feel at her ease; and the train steamed into Waterloo Station almost before she knew where she was.

A carriage with more tall gentlemen in livery awaited them, and they were at once driven to a mansion in Berkley Square.

The Duke met his wife in the hall and greeted her tenderly.

"Now, John, dear, I want to introduce this young lady to your notice; but we'll go up into the drawing-room, because I'm going to give you a surprise."

When they were alone, she commenced: "This is Miss Arabella Alsworth, who has run away from her guardian because he wanted her to marry our scapegrace of a nephew; and this, my dear"—turning to Arabella—"is my husband, the Duke of Falmouth!"

Arabella was struck dumb with astonishment. That she should in this way have stumbled upon near relatives of the man she was fleeing from, seemed impossible.

"So you preferred to run away rather than marry a handsome man, and become a peeress, and the future Duchess of Falmouth!" smiled the Duke.

"Yes; good looks without good principles don't go far with me," said Arabella; "and as for titles, if you will pardon me for saying so, I have never set much store by them."

"Well, my dear girl," said the Duke pleasantly, "I like your principles and I admire your frankness."

"So do I," interjected the Duchess. "What do you think she told me, John? That she would not accept of my hospitality unless I let her pay for her board and lodging."

"Capital!" laughed the Duke. "What did she propose as a remuneration?"

"Oh, I don't know—I did not ask her. I offered to take her as a companion; but I am not sure that she appreciated even that," said the old lady, laughing.

Arabella spoke, half pleadingly. "You said you had forgiven me."

"So I have; but this is too good a joke to be kept a secret, and you see how my husband enjoys it."

"That is so," rejoined his Grace. "But now for a moment let us be serious. I know, or fancied I know, that some day I should have to be introduced to a young lady rejoicing in the name of Arabella Alsworth, and I was quite prepared to find her a silly, empty-headed girl, who wanted to become the wife of a lord, and did not object to pay a good price for the honor. Well, I have had the pleasure of being introduced to her, and I find her a young lady of strong will and determined purpose, who does not care a fig for titles."

"Thank you," said Arabella, rising and making him a profound curtsy. "But," she continued, "there is one thing to be said in extenuation of my bad taste in refusing to become Lady Cransford. Before I had the honor of being introduced to your nephew I was engaged to another man."

"Ho, ho! this is interesting," said the Duke. "May I be allowed to know the name of this favored individual?"

"Yes, certainly. It is Wallis, and he is a Commander in the royal navy."

"This is really a most remarkable coincidence!" exclaimed his Grace. "Commander Wallis is also my nephew."

"Of course he is," laugh Arabella. "I knew that long ago; he told me so when he warned me against Lord Cransford."

"Well, my dear child," said the Duke after a pause, "I congratulate you. Frank Wallis is an honest man and a gentleman, and I respect him. He and his mother have only two faults—they are very proud and very poor."

"Oh, you must not say anything against Frank!" flashed Arabella, "or I shall pick up my belongings and make tracks for Camden Town or some other suburban retreat."

"Make tracks!" expostulated the Duchess; "who taught you to use such an expression as that?"

"I don't know, but I think it was Lord Cransford."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the Duchess said:

"Come with me, child, and we will make ourselves presentable; the dinner bell will ring directly."

CHAPTER IX.

TWO days had elapsed since Arabella's flight, and Major Bowyer was sitting alone in his study. Suddenly came a loud ring at the bell; the door was thrown open, and "The Duke of Falmouth!" was announced.

"I am the bearer of a letter from Miss Arabella Alsworth," he said, "if you will kindly read it;" and the Duke placed the letter in the Major's hands.

"Take a seat, your Grace," he continued holding out his hand.

The Duke took the proffered seat, but he ignored the extended hand.

When he had read the letter, he turned to the Duke. "I suppose you are aware of the circumstances which preceded Miss Alsworth's latest escapade?" he queried.

"Yes; you wanted her to marry my nephew, Lord Cransford."

"That's true. But that is not what I mean. When she left this house, she took a quantity of jewelry with her, some of which was her own, and others were heirlooms, which at the death of Mrs. Alsworth ought to have come to my wife, and which I claim as my property."

"Make your claim in a legal form and the matter shall be investigated."

"Where is Miss Alsworth staying?"

"In my house, and under my protection."

"Thank you. I shall go to London at once and take out a warrant for her arrest. Meantime, I shall detain her clothes till the jewelry is restored."

"Miss Alsworth's business is in the hands of Mr. Ainsley, her late father's lawyer. I think you had better see him before you take any ulterior steps," said the Duke; and taking up his hat, he bowed and left the room.

He was driven back to the station; and half an hour afterwards was on his way to London. When he reached home, he found a telegram awaiting him; it ran as follows:

"From Thomas Foreman to the Duke of Falmouth—Major Bowyer is dead. He was seized with an apopletic fit shortly after you left. The result, the doctors say, of the agitation and worry of the last few days."

When he had read it, he went straight to the Duchess' boudoir, where he found Arabella and his wife, told them of the failure of his mission, and read the telegram he had received from Thomas.

"Poor man!" ejaculated Arabella—"how sad."

"Yes, very," responded the Duke. "But what about those jewels?"

"Oh! that was settled years ago. My mother was the oldest child, and they descended to me as her next of kin. Papa took legal advice, and Mr. Ainsley knows all about it; besides, at the time, Uncle Bowyer pretended to be satisfied."

"I think we had better send off to Mr. Ainsley," said the Duke, "and get him to take such steps as he thinks fit. If your fortune has been in the hands of two such men as Major Bowyer and Lord Cransford, the chances are that matters will want looking into."

"How good you are!" exclaimed Arabella. "You think of everything."

My story is almost ended. The Duke of Falmouth's suspicions were verified. On examining Major Bowyer's papers after his decease, it was found that he had been tempted to appropriate a considerable portion of Arabella's fortune to his own use; and it was supposed that Lord Cransford had been cognisant of if not a participator in the fraud.

* * * * * *

One afternoon in August the two Miss Scudamores were hurrying along High Street, panting and puffing under the broiling heat of the summer sun, evidently in a state of great excitement. They rang loudly at Mrs. Montressor's bell, and on being shown into the drawing-room, found the lady and Miss Nugent in close confab.

"Oh my dears! such extraordinary news!" exclaimed Miss Prudence. "Arabella Alsworth is married, and to whom, do you think?"

"Can't tell, dear," responded Mrs. Montressor. "There is no telling what such a girl would do. But won't you take a seat?"

"You'll never guess," said Miss Scudamore, as she seated herself in the proffered chair—"no, not if you were to go on guessing for a month; so I'll tell you—Lord Cransford!"

"But I thought he was dead!" exclaimed Miss Nugent; "killed in America, to which place he had fled from his creditors."

"Yes, that is so. But this is the new lord, and you'll never guess who he is: somebody we all know."

"Somebody we all know!" iterated Miss Nugent.

"Yes; but, as you'll never guess, I'll tell you—Frank Wallis!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Montressor. "Frank Wallis. Then Mrs. Wallis must be a lady in her own right."

"Yes. It seems all like a dream. To think of that quiet Mrs. Wallis being a Duke's daughter!"

"Well, I'm glad of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Montressor. "Arabella was always such a dear, kind, amiable creature; and I daresay we shall all be invited to the house when they come."

Miss Puddicombe laughed sarcastically. "That's the way the wind blows now, is it? There was a time when she was a 'horrid stuck-up creature.'"

"Circumstances alter cases," interposed Miss Prudence.

[THE END.]

FAULTS.—There is such a thing as inventing artificial faults. Amusements innocent in themselves are often condemned for what they are supposed to lead to; social pleasures are looked upon askance, and trifling things said or done without the least evil intention are exaggerated into serious transgressions. Honest opinions are made a cause of reproach, and failure to meet conventional requirements is regarded as a blot on the character. One would think there were enough real faults in the world to be repented of and abandoned without setting up imaginary ones that have no fountain and can serve only to bring needless trouble and confuse the moral sense.

A band of gypsies quartered at Bluffton, Indiana, has a novel and effective method of securing goods without paying. A woman calls at a store and leaves a basket on the counter to be called for soon. She goes out and presently returns for her property. In the meantime a trained dog has carried it away. The woman raises a disturbance, and usually the compassionate merchant gives her money to quiet her.

What Came of It.

BY E. G. W.

A RUSH of feet up the stairs, and four young fellows, fashionably attired, and of the lily type—that is, "they worked not, neither did they spin"—burst into the luxuriously furnished bachelor apartments of Tom Morton, who was seated gloomily, in dressing-gown and slippers, over a late breakfast.

"Tom, dear old chappie," exclaimed the foremost, "we've come to congratulate you!"

"Condole, you mean, Jack," said a hinder one.

"Rubbish! We heard last night that that dear, rich old aunt was dead, and you were returned from paying the last sad offices, like a fond and dutiful nephew."

"Look here, you fellows," replied he addressed, a young man of about four and twenty, with a good-looking, honest countenance, lined, however, by the effects of late hours not passed in study, "this is no subject for jest. While aunt Jo lived she was precious kind to me—barring the lectures on dissipation and extravagance. She allowed me a handsome allowance."

"Which, chappie," interpolated one helping himself to a cigar from the cabinet, "you spent royally. You never disgraced yourself by having a shilling in your purse at quarter-day."

"No, only a heap of bills, which, after a lecture as long as my arm, were paid. There's not one of you can say either, that while I had a guinea in my pocket, I was not always willing to help any of you chaps."

"Not only willing, dear boy," cried Jack, clapping him on the shoulder, "but did. Do you imagine we shall ever forget that? Not we, chappie; if ever the time comes to prove it, we will prove it; trust us. Yes, like one o'clock. But look here, Tom, you may be sorry for the old lady, but you are not going to pull a long face at coming into a pretty tidy little estate and fifteen hundred a year; that's about the figure, isn't it?"

"Yes; but you see," remarked Tom Morton, a trifle lugubriously, "I haven't come into it."

"Not come into the property!" chorused the four voices.

"No; my aunt Jo has left the strangest of wills. Confound it! It wasn't what I'd a right to expect."

"What is it, Tom? How is it strange?" came the chorus. "How much has she left you?"

"A hundred and fifty a year."

"A hundred and fifty! Only that? Why, it doesn't come up to your half-year income."

"And that even only under conditions," continued Tom Morton, beginning to drop into the relief of making public his hard treatment. "For on that income—my bills will be all paid, that I may start fair with it—I must live for a full year at Hardmeads."

"Hard lines it should be," put in Jack; "still, rent free for a year——"

"Ah, but there's more to come; for that year every day I must dig a portion of a something acre field—a small Salisbury Plain, you know—beginning at the right-hand corner south, and leaving off at the left corner north. Just imagine, you chaps, I—I who never dug even a flower-bed."

"And if you don't do it?"

"Then my debts are paid, and I start life on an empty purse."

"Are you going to do it?"

"I? I dig that precious field? I live a year out of London for that miserable income? No fear, my boys."

"That aunt Jo must have been mad," "Poor old Tom." "What a wretched old fraud," echoed the four; one, after a pause, adding, solus:

"I say, Jack, did you say you were going to Lord's? So am I. We'll go together, eh? Poor Tom, I fancy, would prefer our room to our company. We're confounded sorry, dear boy," grasping his hand effusively. "Mind, if we can be of any assistance, count on us."

"Thank you, old fellows; I knew you'd say that!" answered Tom Morton, his eyes moistening with proud gratitude. "Well, I daresay my own company is the best for me at present. It it such a peculiar will, is it?"

"Deucedly peculiar! The old fraud!"

"You'll come again soon?" queried Tom.

"Rather. Don't fear chappie; we'll not desert you. Poor old Tom!"

So they talked themselves out of the room, Tom Morton too relieved by their departure to observe the absence of a genial ring in their voices when they left, which was present at their arrival.

"Tom's wiped out, poor chappie," remarked Jack, philosophically lighting one of Tom's cigars. "That old aunt saw where he was heading, and wouldn't have her money go to the dogs."

Arm in arm they strolled down the street, willfully blind possibly that they represented those dogs to whom Tom, with generous lavishness, had always held his purse open.

Tom sat some while longer over his scarcely tasted breakfast, then dressing, took a hansom to Kensington.

"She had better learn the truth at once," he mused, gloomily. "But it's all up there now."

Stopping at a house in the Addison Road, knocking, he was shown into the morning-room, or rather went there, for he was a familiar visitor. By the table sat a girl of about twenty, tall, slender, exceedingly good-looking, with calm, firmly-cut features, indicative of intelligence and power.

She rose at once, greeting him with one of those smiles that make even the plainest face beautiful.

"Here you are, Tom," she said; "I have been expecting you."

"Yes, Juliet, here I am," answered Tom, holding both of the firm white hands, and looking into the large, clear gray eyes mournfully; "I've come to set you free."

"Set me free, Tom?"

"Yes; for if you never would name the day when you would marry me before, you never will now. It would be dishonorable, in fact, for me to expect you to under the present circumstances. I love you too well to ask it, Ju."

"What are the present circumstances, Tom?" she inquired, regarding him interrogatively. "I don't quite understand. You have just returned from Hardmeads."

"Yes; I came away directly I had heard aunt Jo's will read. A peculiar will it is."

"Peculiar, Tom?"

"Exactly, Ju; I am a beggar."

"A beggar! No, Tom," cried the girl, incredulously.

"Something very like it. Sit down, dear; I'll tell you all about it."

Juliet Mayo, her hands clasped on her lap, her lips firmly set, listened attentively to the recital.

When it was ended she asked, quietly:

"Well, Tom, are you going to accept it?"

"Accept it?" he ejaculated, indignantly; "most decidedly not. What fellow would?"

"What, then, do you intend doing?"

"Why, I must push on as I can until I can get something to do. I've heaps of friends. There are lots who will help me."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Ju, quietly.

"Oh, yes, I've no lack of friends; but, of course, even then life will be an awfully hard fight at present. I'm so confoundedly unused to work; therefore I can't expect you to lose all the best years of your youth, Ju, waiting for me to make a suitable home; it would be selfish and dishonorable. Therefore, I repeat, I release you from our engagement."

He spoke out very manfully, yet a sob would come in his throat at the end. Tom was one to love once, not twice.

"Thank you," answered Ju; "but supposing I could not accept release—that is at present? Supposing I prefer to wait, Tom, awhile? I can't help thinking there is a bright future in store for you yet. At any rate, I shall not decide until you have tested your friends."

"There's no fear there, Juliet," he answered, his spirits elevated by her refusal to let him go. "If you, dear, will give me hope, I'll work; ah, by Jove, won't I work."

An hour later, when Tom left Juliet Mayo to begin his search for a means of livelihood, his step, as his heart, was light, and he even hummed a burlesque ditty.

Two months later, however, the clouds had descended more blackly than ever about him. The heaps of friends upon whom he had relied had dwindled down to units. It was marvelous where they found, or with what facility they invented, excuses when he applied to them for help. Their influence had disappeared, or, just at that particular moment, they were in Queer street themselves, etc., etc.—ad infinitum.

It is wonderful how a reverse of fortune, when from good to bad, increases our sensitiveness, and knowledge of man. Tom had learned his lesson at the school of experience, and it was a hard one. He sat over the fire in his rooms, pale, full of wretchedness; the luxuries about him had disappeared, having had to be converted into hard cash. He was buried in sad enough reflection, when the door opened, some one entered. It was Juliet Mayo, calm and cool, as if a statue just stepped from its pedestal.

"Ju! you here!" exclaimed Tom

"Yes, dear," drawing off her gloves. "You did not come yesterday, so to-day I come to you. What news?"

"News, Ju? The worst!" he groaned; and with bitterness of speech he told her.

"I'm not surprised, Tom; I expected no better," she said. "What are you going to do?"

"What can I, Ju? I'd emigrate, only that needs money, and I'm a beggar."

"A hundred and fifty a year and Highmeads would be better than that!" remarked Ju.

"And digging and delving," he exclaimed, bitterly. "Think, Ju, of the life I have been accustomed to."

"I do think of it," she answered; then standing by him, resting her hand on his shoulder, continued, seriously, "And what benefit have you derived from that life of indolence and self-gratification? To it you have sacrificed health, if not self-respect occasionally. What good has this existence of idleness and pleasure done you?—done anyone? Like honey it has drawn about you a swarm of selfish wasps, who, the honey consumed, have deserted you. What is there disgraceful in 'digging and delving?'

"'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?'

Every night of pleasure weakened muscle, vitiated the vital fluid. Every spade of earth turned will strengthen muscle, will bring back the health you were ruining. Listen, Tom. I told you after you had tested your friends I would decide whether I would accept my liberty or not. I have decided. While you were leading that life of gaiety I would not wed you. Let me own it. I feared to trust my happiness to your keeping. Accept aunt Jo's terms, and"—she held her strong white hands to him—"I will be your wife when you please."

"You!" He sprang up in his amazement, staring in her strong, brave face, incredulous of his hearing. "My wife on a hundred and fifty a year!"

"Your wife on that or less, as long as you can prove yourself a man, not a being whose one aim in life was pleasure. Let us go to Highmeads; you shall dig, I will tie up scarlet runners, weed the asparagus if necessary. We will—for thus we can—be happy."

"You—you would do this, Ju?"

"For you, Tom, because I love you; but you would have renounced pleasure and idleness for me, eh?"

"By Heaven! Ju, I would—that is—I think I could."

"That doubt is honorable, Tom. You cannot trust yourself, and so would not deceive me," she remarked in her firm, clear tones. "Tom, shall we go to Highmeads?"

"To-day—to-morrow!" he cried, excitedly.

"Mind; to dig and delve?"

"To dig, delve, and eat fat bacon, if it be necessary, if only you will be my wife, Ju. For that I will do anything."

"Stay! Are you to be trusted? Before the year is half gone will you be hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt? the pleasure of this great wicked city—idleness, luxuries, slaying the body as the brain?"

"By Heaven, no, dear, if I call you wife, Ju," he ejaculated, earnestly. "You may trust me."

"Let me look well into your eyes, Tom," she smiled. Then, again extending her hands, "Tom, I do trust you—I no longer fear—I am a happy woman. When you will, I'll be your wife."

Highmeads was a small estate in Hertford. As aunt Jo had left it, so it remained, the old staff of servants being retained—for six months had been given Tom in which to decide. And lo, there was the big, meadow, marked out into fifty-two weekly portions—sub-divided into six. For an hour every week-day Tom was to turn the ground a spade and a half deep.

Let it be owned he commenced the work very shame facedly. He smuggled a spade into the meadow the night previously, and got up a little after dawn, and did the hour before people were about. Then, to rob his digging of peculiarity, he pretended to develop quite a mania for gardening, Ju helping him, never tiring, until at last he found the penalty had grown into a pleasure.

Before six months were over, Tom Morton was not the same man. He was doing no end of good, with Ju's help, to the laborers about him, and, in discovering life was, when one thought over it, a very serious gift bestowed on man, found that there was really something worth living for.

"Are you wishful to get back to London, Tom?" asked his wife.

"Not I, darling. Ju, I've never enjoyed existence until this moment, since boyhood."

"The reason," she smiled, "because the healthful can never be miserable."

All things come to an end in the world, and the meadow and the year did so together. There was the last indicated patch to be dug, and here was the last day to do it. It was so keen a matter for rejoicing, that Juliet said she must witness it.

"I'll read you that article in the 'Century' Tom, while you work."

"All right, perch yourself there. If you're not quick I shall have finished before you. Confound it, all, there's a stone, and a big one. It's jarred me to the elbow. Go on, Ju, I'll soon have it out. Hullo! What's this?" he ejaculated, as he flung the next spadeful over.

"A tin box, Tom? Goodness, you have found a treasure. Is it locked? Will it open? How dirty it is," said Ju, handing eagerly forward.

"It's only hasped. Wait a moment. There, it's open. By Jove!"

Within laid a parchment, whereon, in legal hand, was written:

"The last Will of Josephine Morton, 15th Aug., 18—."

"A previous will," said Juliet.

"No; a later will by two days, Ju. I must read it," he cried, nervously, eagerly.

Unfolding it he read as follows:

"I, Josephine Morton, being of sound mind, trusting that my scheme will succeeded in removing my nephew, Tom Morton, from the worthless soul and body-killing life he is leading, and teach him that by nature and disposition he was made for nobler things, hereby make him my whole and sole heir, and——"

But Tom could not read more; his brain was in a whirl. Then he drew his wife to him.

"Ju, you did not know this?" he asked.

"No; truly, Tom. I am as amazed as you."

"I am better pleased," murmured Tom, with emotion, "for now I owe all to you; the estate, the money—and—health, happiness. And there are idiots who say woman is not man's equal. By Jove! no, she isn't, because she's his superior."

THE OUTCOME OF GREED OF LUCRE.—Men are all the time sacrificing health and life in their desire to get rich, and do not seem to know how poor a bargain they are making. The folly of conduct becomes apparent, however, in a case like that described by an old sailor. He was on a wreck in the Bay of Bengal. For three days all hands had been huddled upon the deck of their disabled ship, and now they were being washed off, one by one. The Captain had just been carried away. Says the narrator—

"About an hour afterward another wave carried overboard the ship's steward, who was a Parsee, and like a fish in the water.

"His greed of lucre had well-nigh done for him, for he had tied round his neck in a towel a bundle of silver plate worth a little. He chanced to come to the surface just in front of me, and I could see him plainly. First he endeavored to tread water, with a view, I imagine, of gauging his position and swimming back to the ship; but the weight of the silver carried him down.

"Then he tried to swim toward the wreck, but he could not keep his face above water. So he began to fumble at the knot behind his neck to untie it, and his head kept slowly sinking lower and lower, until his feet were kicking in the air.

"With a great effort he righted himself, his hands now wildly clutching and tugging at the knot. But to no purpose; the cloth was wet and would not yield. It had become a desperate fight with death. I caught a glimpse of his face, and it was so transfigured with fright and agony that I hardly recognized him.

"With convulsive efforts he kept coming to the surface for a second, or perhaps two, during which he breathed in great gasps of air, and then the weight of the silver dragged him below again. At last he deliberately dived head foremost, and I believed him gone for ever, when in about half a minute he came up again, having by this expedient slipped the noose over his head.

"Being now relieved from the weight, he struck out swimming and regained the wreck, where he immediately began blubbering for his lost silver plate, as if it had been wantonly sacrificed at the value of his life!"

LOVE'S OLD RIVER!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Sing, O river! by thy side
Love's sweet dawning rose for me;
And the vows that p'r'aps have died
Mingled with thy melody!
Should that heart be mine no more,
Were that love too sweet to last,
Still to-day I haunt thy shore—
Here he said, in moments past:—
"Tho' the years may come and go,
Thro' the sunshine and the snow,
Whilst the river's ripples flow,
I evermore shall love thee!
Flow'rs may bloom, and fade and fall,
Seasons fly beyond recall,
Yet, my love, my all-in-all,
I evermore shall love thee!"

Harold Cameron.

BY A. C. S.

WHILE looking through some old papers of mine the other evening, I came across the following note, scribbled hastily on a half-sheet of paper. It was dated nearly fifteen years back; the ink was faded and turned brown. Why I had kept the thing at all I cannot imagine.

"DEAR COURTNEY" (the note ran)—"I guess I've won, old boy. Awfully sorry for you and the others, of course; but I'm in such good spirits I can't think of that. Blanche spoke to me to-night in such a way that there can be no mistake about it. She's a thousand times too good for a poor wretch like me, but I can try and be worthy of her. I will try, by Jove! I'm going to read up and improve my mind. Couldn't help sending you a line. I am a lucky dog. Eh?—Yours,

"HAROLD CAMERON."

It is strange how an old letter, even such a scrap as the above, will revive the past. As I looked at the boyish handwriting the face of Harold Cameron rose up before my mind's eye. I fancied I could hear his laughter and fresh young voice. He was only twenty at the time that letter was written. We were all—ahem!—much younger than we are now. Ugh! Confound the letter! Why had I turned it up in this way? . . . Burn all your letters, my friends, burn all your letters. Don't run the risk of recalling memories which, ten to one, are sad ones.

All the young fellows in our particular set were more or less in love with Blanche Whitworth. Some were particularly in love. I think I may, without fear of contradiction, assert that Cameron, George Coverley, and I myself, belonged to this latter class.

Which of that old circle, I wonder, would care now to dispute the point? Has not Alf Turner, that roaring young blade, sobered down and gone into the Church, kept in subjection by a wife who rules the parish? Has not Grantley emigrated and made a fortune in sheep in Australia?

Carstone, poor fellow, the jovial, the kindly, lies buried on an African battlefield. The rest of them—are they not respectable married men with families—men in the City; lawyers, stockbrokers, what not?

I remember quite well the night when we first saw Blanche Whitworth. It was at a dance at the Simpsons' when that bright luminary appeared on our horizon. At this moment, looking calmly back upon events, I cannot for the life of me say what it was in the girl that made the attraction.

She was pretty, I admit, but not at all surpassingly beautiful; her conversation was far from brilliant, indeed I never heard her say anything worth remembering; and yet there was always a little court round her, and all the men were dying to dance with her—ay, ready to die for a smile.

The other girls disliked her, as was natural. "Whatever people can see in Miss Whitworth I cannot imagine," was their usual remark.

Both Coverley and I danced with Miss Blanche on that first night—Cameron had not yet appeared upon the scene; after that we followed her about sedulously. Whenever we found she was to be anywhere within a radius of some miles, we always determined to be there too, or perish in the attempt. If we did not obtain invitations in the usual way, we bothered people for them in the most shameless manner.

It was quite a friendly rivalry between us, for George and I were far too good friends to quarrel. We used to talk to one another quite openly about our chances of success, and agreed that whichever the lady should choose was to bear his triumph humbly, and his friend his own hard lot with meekness. That one of us two must eventually secure the prize we do not seem to have doubted. I think I may assert without vanity that we were preferred above the crowd.

There is nothing like telling the truth, and I had better say at once that I am afraid the girl was a flirt; that is putting the case mildly. She had a charming way of making her partner for the time being believe that he was the one selected mortal from the world with whom she alone liked to dance. That may sound trivial, put thus boldly; but it is true.

At that time I was a briefless barrister, and occupied chambers in Blank Court along with my friend Coverley, who had the rooms adjoining. Many a pipe did we smoke together in those brave days of old on our return from some of the festivities I have alluded to, while the chimes of the church clock outside struck far on into the morning.

It was not a great while after we had first known Miss Whitworth when young Harold Cameron came up to town, like myself, with an ultimate view to the woolsack. Mr. Cameron was to read for the Bar; and he was committed, in a sense, to my charge as one who could give him advice upon his studies.

He was often in at our chambers, and both George and I grew to like the young fellow as we got to know him. We regarded him, I know, as immeasurably our junior both in years and experience. He was nearly of age—some five years younger than the present narrator; George, in his turn, being a year or two older than I was.

Our new visitor was a light-haired, blue-eyed youth, with the most infectious laugh in the world. His good humor was always quite irresistible to me; indeed, there were few people he met with whom the young fellow did not make friends. We speedily introduced him to our circle, where he became very popular.

I have wondered since that, when Cameron one day informed us that he had, in common with George and me, received an invitation to an evening at the Whitworths', no suspicion of what must inevitably follow crossed our minds.

We went. Cameron was led captive.

Mrs. Whitworth was a very nice old lady, but dreadfully deaf. Her deafness was the one topic upon which she ever talked. To every fresh acquaintance she imparted information on this head in a series of stereotyped remarks which never varied. In the course of my experience I heard the conversation so frequently that I can distinctly remember it after all this lapse of time. To call it a conversation is, indeed, misleading.

The old lady was far too deaf to hear any word that was spoken to her; the remarks were subsequently all on her side, delivered with such a strident tone and distinctness of enunciation that they were always audible across a large room. The performance was known among irreverent youth as "Mrs. Whitworth's Recitation."

The reason I recall it at this moment is that it was on the first night of Cameron's introduction to Miss Blanche that I was suddenly reserved by her mother as audience. I was going up to speak to the younger lady, with whom I was now on such good terms as to feel confident of my success. In passing Mrs. Whitworth I foolishly let fall some slight remark.

"I didn't hear you," said the lady, detaining me, and speaking with an aggravating slowness; "my deafness is increasing. It is, you know, a purely nervous deafness."

I bowed assent.

"Our own doctor has told me: 'Mrs. Whitworth, yours is a purely nervous deafness.' I determined to have further advice; I went to Sir James Cope. You know Sir James Cope?"

I didn't; but I nodded in the affirmative. At this moment I saw Harold, who had been introduced earlier in the evening, leading Miss Blanche off for the waltz.

"I went to Sir James Cope; I saw all his instruments; he examined my ears; and what did he say? He said: 'Madam, never have your ears tampered with; yours is a purely nervous deafness.' When I was down in the country, Mr. Crimple, a most excellent and clever man, saw me and said: 'You must never have your ears tampered with, yours is a purely nervous deafness.' A remarkable consensus of opinion—which coincides entirely with my own views on the matter. Oh, Mrs. Streatham! how is your poor husband? Quite worn out?"—and I was free to escape.

I mention the foregoing little conversation because, although it may appear absurdly unimportant and out of place in a narrative of this kind, it was while I was listening to Mrs. Whitworth's remarks, and seeing Harold walk by with Miss Blanche, that it suddenly flashed upon me that any reign of mine was over.

When I saw the young fellow's radiant face, and the girl with her eyes looking straight into his with a peculiar thrilling air which was all her own, I seemed to have a kind of premonition of what Cameron would feel for her, and she, if she were human, for him. It was rather a tragic moment for me; I hope I listened to the mother without undue impatience.

I don't remember very much more that happened that evening.

* * * * * *

When Cameron, George, and I were walking home together through the summer night, it was the first-named who talked all the way; the two elder men were singularly silent. And the talk was all on one subject, too; and I need not say what that was.

When we had said good-night to our young friend at the door of our chambers, and had gone up to our room and lighted the pipe of peace, George turned and said to me:

"Well, old fellow?"

"Well?" said I.

"Our ingenuous youth has done it, you see. We might have known he would fall head over ears in love with the girl; but you only think of these things afterwards. The serious thing for you and me, my boy," continued George, as though we had had a joint partnership interest in the affair, "is that Miss Blanche is, if I mistake not, also 'touchee au coeur'"—the speaker smote his waistcoat with a dramatic air—"or else she's the most consummate flirt that ever lived. The two were having a high old time down in the supper-room. Methinks that a friend of mine—one Courtney—did not enjoy with his usual zest the pleasures of the many dance."

"Oh, confound it, George!" I said; "you know how I feel. I had an idea I was getting on well with the girl; and to-night she would scarcely look at me."

"I have long since," said George solemnly, "given up any hopes in the direction we know of, and I should advise you, my friend, from this moment to do the same. Our young friend will win in the race, you will see. Is the prize worth having, do you think? I shall take up the sensible position of the fox in the fable; my taste for grapes of any kind has quite departed."

"I hope," said I, with a groan—"I hope the girl is worthy of him, and won't play with him as—as—but never mind that. Let us hope Cameron will be more successful than—than some others of our acquaintance."

And we got our candles and went to bed.

* * * * * *

Cameron was successful—to all outward appearance. From that first evening he followed Miss Whitworth with a pertinacity and a devotion which, as George said, entirely put any of our performances in the shade. He would come into our chambers I know not how often in the course of a week, and talk of the beloved one—or rather rave like the most impassioned lover who ever trod the stage.

I think that both of us seniors soon ceased to feel any jealousy because of the marked favor with which young Harold was received. We took to giving him good advice; we urged him to make sure of his ground before he gave his heart away—as though he had not already done that past recalling. George was particularly solemn in his warnings, but I don't think they had the slightest effect.

I remember, indeed, on one occasion, that when Coverley had mentioned the word "flirt" in connection with Miss Whitworth, Harold rose up in arms against him.

"Look here, you miserable old cynic!" he cried, half seriously, half in joke, "I won't listen to a word you've got to say against Blanche. You may call her a flirt if you like, but I know she isn't. She's been kinder to me than any one else in London. Do you think I don't know whether a girl's in earnest or not? And—and she's my friend, and—and I'll thank you not to speak of her again in that way in my presence."

He looked so wounded that George had to make his peace with him by a shambling sort of apology. In point of fact, we could not but admit, looking on as we did now quite as outsiders, that Miss Blanche was exercising a surprising constancy.

By the time that she and Harold had known one another three months they were regarded as tacitly engaged, although no open announcement of the fact had been made.

I fear that during this period Cameron made but small progress with his legal studies, and I used gravely to point out to him some of the dangers of his present course; but he would only laugh at me for an old fogey, declare he had plenty of time—as was indeed the case—and begin to talk about much more interesting business.

It was about this time that a garden-party was given by a Mr. Hermann Seyfried, at which the present narrator was privileged to "assist," along with some of the other actors in this little drama. This Mr. Seyfried was a German of great wealth, who lived in a fine mansion and dispensed magnificent hospitality to his friends and acquaintances. The halo of his gold shone round about him, showing him to most people in a very favorable light.

Judged apart from the halo, there was, I fancy, nothing very much to admire; a snuffy, dark looking little man, with enormous moustaches and a deep, guttural voice—not a "man of parts," judged by English eyes.

Howbeit, most people were very glad to receive his invitations, myself—let me be honest—among the number. He was a bachelor, and had a number of free-and-easy bachelor ways, which "took" with a great number of men; and then, too, it must be owned that his dinners were remarkably good.

The garden-party in question was, I remember, a most brilliant affair. A great crowd of people was there. I fancy I can see at this moment the squat little figure of the host standing to welcome his guests, and that I hear his "How you do, Mees Vitworth?—How you do, Meester Cameronc?" spoken through the nose with great politeness.

Mr. Seyfried was greatly charmed by the fair Blanche, to whom he was paying compliments, most of which were not understood, all day. I confess that, knowing the state of his finances, and knowing also—as I thought—somewhat of the nature of Miss Whitworth, when I saw his evident admiration, I felt a slight uneasiness as regarded Cameron's position.

That gentleman, however, did not betray, and, I believe, did not experience, any such feeling. He was paying his court more assiduously than ever. It did one good to look on his bright, youthful face.

Whenever he was not actually by the side of his beloved one, his eyes followed her everywhere. Miss Blanche, I remember, was particularly gracious to some of her old friends—to George and me, and to others of her court—and I have to confess with shame and sorrow that—such is the weakness of man—we were all of us pleased to be so noticed, and showed no resentment whatever.

The lady would smile upon and summon you one moment and cut you dead the next; and the victims of this caprice were so sunk in degrading slavery that they cheerfully bore with this treatment, and were always ready to come back to the careless beckoning of the haughty damsel.

What amused and a good deal gratified me was to notice the scant consideration shown by Miss Whitworth to Mr. Seyfried. She received his polite speeches with a demure gravity, and made open fun of him behind his back, mimicking his voice and gestures, his compliments, his taking of snuff, and who knows what other peculiarities the foreigner possessed.

I believe even Harold was a trifle shocked, and remonstrated with the girl about her behavior; but he was too ardent a lover to see any faults in her, and had besides his own affairs to discuss. This, I presume, was the subject in hand when I suddenly came upon the two in a peaceful corner in the conservatory, looking particularly confidential.

To show that they were confidential to some purpose, I must refer the indulgent reader back to the letter appearing at the opening of this story, which I received from Mr. Cameron on the day after the garden-party, and which document I consider to be alone responsible for sending me off upon these rambling recollections.

"That looks like a settled thing at last," said I, as I tossed the paper over to George.

"That, as you say, looks likes a settled thing," replied that sardonic individual oracularly, after a perusal; and not another word could I get out of him upon the subject.

We were expecting all that day to have Harold tearing in with his good news. He

did not come; and we found that he had that morning been hastily summoned to the other end of England to his father, who lay dangerously ill—at the point of death, it was said.

I had to leave town myself on the next day, for a fortnight as I supposed; but it was three or four weeks before I saw my own chambers again, and got a greeting from my dear old George.

After a while it struck me that he was a trifle constrained in manner, and at last I asked him, "Is anything the matter?"

"Ah," he said slowly, "you've not heard the news, then?"

"No," I said impatiently; "news about whom? What news?"

"Only about Blanche Whitworth and old Seyfried," very drily.

"What about them?"

"Engaged to be married; that's all."

"Never!" I cried incredulously.

George nodded.

"It's perfectly true," he said.

"But—Harold!" I exclaimed; "does he know? Good heavens! what will he say?"

"Ah, poor fellow. I don't suppose he does know yet; the news is only just out."

Then suddenly the phlegmatic George burst out in a fury:

"Confound it! It's too bad! What are these women made of? To make a fool of a fine young fellow like that. And he trusted her, poor wretch——"

"Where is he now?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. He's not been home yet—here, I mean—since his father's death. He's alone in the world now, you know. I've heard no word from him since he went away."

"Suppose we walk round to his lodgings," said I, "and see if we can have news of him. If we can get him away with us, before he hears anything, so much the better."

We got up and went out, a vague sense of uneasiness troubling us.

* * * * * *

A slight rain was falling as we came into the open air, very cool and pleasant after the hot day. I remember it was about five or six in the evening. Cameron's lodgings were but two or three streets off—only a few minutes' walk.

We could not make any one hear by ringing the bell, and as the front door was unlatched, we walked in.

"Hullo!" said George, as we stood a moment in the passage, "Harold's at home; here are his hat and gloves."

He went to the foot of the stairs, and called:

"Hi! Cameron, where are you, old boy?"

There was no answer.

At this moment the landlady came bustling in. Mr. Cameron had asked her to post a letter, she said. He was upstairs in his room now.

We wondered why he had not answered our call, and said we would go up. To our surprise, his door was locked; nor could we get any reply to our knocking. I think we both became thoroughly frightened now, for the first time.

"Let us get in," said I, "somehow or other."

George made no more ado, but simply put his shoulder against the door and burst it open. We came into the room with a bit of a rush. Then we saw a sight, and stopped dead.

Our friend was stretched upon the floor, his face drawn and ghastly—the face of a corpse. On the table was the wretched phial which told us only too well what had happened. It had held prussic acid; the room was full of the odor. We did what we could, but—poor Harold—he was quite dead.

Heaven forgive him! We should never hear his friendly voice or cheerful laughter again.

* * * * * * *

We learned afterwards that, on hearing the news of her engagement, Cameron had written to Miss Whitworth asking if it was true. He received a curt reply—I saw the letter—saying that it was so, and Miss Whitworth must decline any correspondence with Mr. Cameron on the point.

Mad with his disappointment, he had hurried to see the girl—had demanded an interview. It was denied him—Miss Blanche spared herself that unpleasantness. He was quite alone, and saw no way out of his trouble, poor fellow, save one.

Even now, knowing how he loved the girl, I wonder whether we, or any one, could have kept him from his dreadful fate, even had we the chance.

The Seyfried-Whitworth wedding was the most magnificent in London that year.

By a Prisoner's Help.

BY S. C. M.

ON the smooth, sunlight waters of the Gulf of Mexico, a man was pacing the deck of a fine frigate, over which floated the gray flag of the Columbian Confederation, one of the great Spanish republics of South America.

That he did not belong to the ship was evident enough, for he was not in uniform, but in plain clothes; and his fair complexion and light hair contrasted so markedly with the swarthy face and black beards of the crew as to show at the first glance that he was no countryman of theirs.

He might, of course, be a passenger, and such, indeed, he was, but a passenger of a somewhat peculiar kind—viz., a prisoner. An American by birth, he had served for some time in the United States navy, and then, seeing no chance of active service, had gone south to take part as a volunteer in one of the countless wars that were always going on in South America, in the course of which his ship and himself, after a long and desperate combat, had been taken by the enemy.

Such being the case, it might have seemed strange to any one to see this prisoner of war walking at large on the deck of the vessel that had captured him, and to all appearance quite at home there. But the courtesy, as well as the courage, of Spain had been inherited by the brave men who commanded the victorious frigate, and they did their utmost to soften the captivity of an opponent whose stubborn valor had won the admiration of them all.

Contenting themselves with exacting a pledge from their prisoner that he would make no attempt to escape—which, indeed, there was little chance of his doing out there in the open sea, with no friendly sail in sight—the captain and officers of the Columbian frigate treated him as a guest rather than a captive, made him dine at their table, talked with him like old friends, supplied him with cigars from their own stock, and, in a word, did all they could to make him comfortable.

But for all this kindness they were destined to be repaid in a very unexpected manner.

The frigate, having received not a few severe injuries in the recent fight, was making for Carthagena—the nearest Columbian port—in order to refit; and all went well till they were within a short distance of the coast, when the weather, which had hitherto been beautifully fine, suddenly became thick and hazy, culminating at length in one of those formidable sea fogs which so often roll in from the North Atlantic just when no one expects them, literally turning day into night.

The Columbian captain, though familiar with these waters from his childhood, was now "at sea," in every sense of the words, and, brave as he was, began to feel extremely uncomfortable. He knew that he could not be far from the mouth of Carthagena Harbor, and he remembered only too well the dangerous coral reefs which made it one of the most perilous spots in all South America. Moreover, in waters which literally swarmed with coasting vessels of all sizes, the risk of a fatal collision stared them in the face every moment; and, in such weather, when no one could see half a cable's length ahead, what could they do to avoid it?

The officers were all on deck—the captain himself included—and with them was the American prisoner, whose thorough naval training enabled him to appreciate the full extent of the danger as keenly as any man on board.

All were straining their eyes and ears to the utmost for any sign of an approaching vessel, when all at once the Yankee officer's quick sight descried, looming ghostlike through the spectral dimness that hemmed them in, the shadowy outline of a huge ship, half as large again as their own, which seemed to be bearing right down upon them!

His warning shout called the attention of his companions to this alarming apparition, which was already close aboard of them.

Then the officer of the watch—a young and comparatively inexperienced man—unnerved by this sudden and terrific peril, lost his head, and called out wildly to the man at the wheel—

"Port your helm!"

But the captive American, with his Yankee quickness and long nautical experience, saw in a moment that this order, if obeyed, must inevitably bring the two vessels into collision. Quick as lightning he sprang forward, and shouted in Spanish to the steersman, with the full strength of his powerful voice—

"Starboard your helm! Starboard!"

The second order came just in time to counteract the first. Round flew the wheel, and the frigate, "paying off" barely in time, passed so close to the strange vessel that—as Jack's favorite saying would phrase it—"you might have shied a biscuit aboard." In another instant the stranger had vanished like a dream.

"By St. Jago!" muttered the sailors to each other, "that officiale Americano (American officer) has been a lucky prisoner for us; for, if it hadn't been for him, we should have gone straight to the bottom, ship and all."

About an hour later the fog "lifted," and the anxious captain beheld, to his no small relief, the familiar entrance of Carthagena Harbor only a few miles off on the port bow, with its grim old fortress scowling above it. And when they had worked their way in through the perilous channel, and were safe at anchor in the sheltered roadstead, the young Columbian lieutenant went straight up to the spot where the American prisoner was standing, and held out his hand.

"Senor," said he, with stately Spanish courtesy, "your skill and presence of mind have saved all our lives and our ship as well; for, had you not had the boldness to contradict the order which I gave, I and all my companions would have been lost. In their name and my own, I beg to thank you for what you have done; and I trust you will permit me to have the honor of presenting you with this slight token of my gratitude."

He drew a costly emerald ring from his finger as he spoke, and offered it to the American, who accepted it with a courteous bow; and in after years, when the war was over, and the two brave men met again as friends, the Columbian saw his gift still upon the Northern officer's finger, where, indeed, it remained so long as the latter was alive.

TOOK TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—The funniest after-election story is told by Representative Hopkins, of Illinois. In his district is the little cross-roads postoffice of Ivanhoe, over which, in Cleveland's administration, a German Democrat presided. When President Harrison came into power Mr. Hopkins had the Democrat succeeded by a Teutonic Republican, who died about a year and a half ago. His wife was thereupon appointed postmistress. On the day after election the German Democrat appeared at the postoffice. "Cleveland has won," he said, with accents of the fatherland and of triumph delightfully mixed, "the postoffice is mine." The widow, knowing that Cleveland had been elected, and unsuspectingly believing that her official career was ended, did not object when her predecessor brought a big wagon and carted the entire contents of the postoffice over to his store. He has been acting as postmaster ever since. Mr. Hopkins reported the facts to the Postoffice Department, and an inspector has been sent to convince the enterprising Democrat of the error of his way.

EVOLUTION OF A NAME.—An amusing account is given of the evolution of a name. A man named Halfpenny lived in Dublin at the end of the last century. Having been quite successful in business his children persuaded him to change his name to a more dignified one, which he did by dropping the last letter. In the course of time the orthography was also changed, and when the man died he was buried as Mr. Halpen. The fortunes of the family increased still further, and the son soon dropped the H. The next transition was an equally easy one, and "he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out as Kenneth MacAlpin, the descendant of a hundred kings."

GUILTY, AS A RULE.—A well-known executioner, in describing his experience, gives it as his opinion that prisoners condemned to death are guilty of the crime fastened upon them. It has long been his habit to ask from a condemned man or woman a private confession for the relief of his own feelings, in order that he might feel sure that he was not hanging an innocent person. The confidence reposed in him at such moments he has never divulged, but he is at liberty to say that of all the people he has executed, only two or three have died without fully and freely confessing their guilt.

Maude—Oh, Charley (sobs). I'm afraid you don't love me any longer. Charley—Good gracious, my love, what has put that into your head? Maude—Because, dear, before we were engaged it used to take you two hours to say good-bye, and now it only takes you ten minutes.

Scientific and Useful.

LIQUID GLUE.—Liquid glue may be made by dissolving glue in strong, hot vinegar, and adding one-fourth as much alcohol and a little alum. This will keep any length of time when placed in a closely stopped bottle, and will mend horn, wood and mother-of-pearl.

LETTER-BOX.—A combined mailing and delivery letter box for house doors, the slot for ingoing letters being made in a neat plate, which can be unlocked by the postman, the outgoing letters then falling into his hand from the upper portion of the receptacle inside the door, is a new invention.

CANARIES.—The parasites which affect these pretty feathered pets may be got rid of by merely placing a clean white cloth over the cage at night. In the morning it will be covered with very minute red spots, almost invisible without a microscope. These are the vermin so annoying and so fatal to the birds.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF VELVET.—Get some turpentine from the oil-shop, and pour it over the place that is greasy; rub it till quite dry with a piece of clean flannel. If the grease be not removed, repeat the application, and when done brush the place well, and hang the garment up the open air to take away the smell.

GLYCERINE CEMENT.—A cement, said to be capable of use where resistance to the action of both water and heat is required, is composed by mixing ordinary glycerine with dry litharge, so as to constitute a tough paste. For uniting the joints of steam-pipes, and other similar applications, this preparation is said to be very satisfactory.

WINDOW CLEANING.—A new patent window cleaning chair, which projects from the window sill and upon which the maid can sit while she shines the glass, has found favor with Brooklyn folk, and in one part of the city where an agent "worked" a block of flats it is put in constant use by some of the domestics, who in this way manage to create a decided sensation.

Farm and Garden.

CHAFF.—Chaff from the hay mow makes good litter for the poultry house. Scatter the grains fed to them among this. The scratching necessary will give them needed exercise.

THE STACK.—If the overhanging part of that straw stack is not cut down it may fall down and smother or crush the pigs or a calf. If you have not use for the part cut down as feed, use it liberally for bedding. That is a very good way to sell straw.

WORMS.—To rid your flower pots of worms, dissolve half an ounce of corrosive sublimate in a quart of water; add a tablespoonful of this to a gallon of water, and water the plants not oftener than once a week, taking care not to pour it on the leaves. If there are any worms they will scramble to the top.

REGULARITY.—Regularity in feeding and caring for poultry is very essential to success. Kindness, also, will find a reward. Never allow your fowls to be frightened by any unnecessary noise or bluster. Fright or worry will surely decrease the amount of eggs hens will lay and retard the growth of young fowls.

FIRE-PROOF SHINGLES.—Dissolve in a barrel of hot water sulphate of zinc, 20 lbs.; alum, 20 lbs.; caustic potash, 8 lbs.; manganide oxide, 8 lbs., and add sulphuric acid, 8 lbs. Pack the shingles loosely in another barrel and fill with the liquid, holding the shingles under the mixture. Fill up the first barrel also with shingles, soak for three hours and pile to dry, and repeat until all the shingles are fire-proofed. After the house is shingled paint with oxide of iron paint, tempered with other mineral color in boiled linseed oil, and mixed to suit your taste as to shade of color.

WHEN DEPRESSED AND OUT OF SORTS, with a low vitality and moody spirits, a good Tonic, such as Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, will often set the system in order, and assist Nature in maintaining normal strength. It is the best medicine in the world for curing Worms in Children, ridding their bodies of pests which sap their constitutions, and which, if unattended to render their lives miserable by their distressing symptoms. When used as a Tonic, the larger sized bottles are the cheapest. Sold by all Druggists.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

The Love of Books.

There are men who, when books become the subject of conversation instantly wake up to a jealous watch, like that of the lover when his mistress is spoken of; their alertness means—Let the traveler by this way tread carefully, for it is no common ground. As the lover feels it is not likely that a casual talker will do justice to the virtues which are so luminous in his own eyes, so the veteran reader is concerned lest the novice should stumble and blunder about among his idols.

There is a good deal of cause for the fear, for we were all at different stages in our apprenticeship to the art of reading, and books take quite a different look according to the intimacy of our acquaintance with them.

To a large percentage of our countrymen reading is unknown as a delight. They take it, if they take it at all, as they drink water, and not as the epicure tastes his wine or luxuriates in his best brand of cigars; it is a means to an end, and not a self complete satisfaction. But to the emancipated reader, who knows that books are the avenue that lead to a hundred quiet paradises, the art of reading has become glorified.

There are innumerable stages between the state of mind of the village wife described by Tennyson, who asks, "An' books—what's books? Thou knaws they be neyther 'ere nor theer," and the state of mind of Emerson, standing amid his beloved folios, and saying, "Angels they are to us of entertainment, sympathy, and provocation, silent guides, tractable prophets, who cast their moonlight illumination over solitude, weariness, and fallen fortunes."

It is because there are so many stages between ignorance and love of books, each perceptibly distinct, that it is difficult to advise others what to read.

Why do people read? We have used the phrase "reading for delight," and that conveys an idea of the spirit of the true lover of books. Some will always read for amusement, as an indifferent pastime, just as they knit, or play for an hour on the piano, or lie and lazily pitch pebbles into a pool. These are the kind of people who need a bookmark, otherwise they would never know where they left off, and they might go on reading the same chapters over and over again.

And there will always be others who will be obliged to read for the sake of gaining specific knowledge—to pass examinations or to equip themselves for one or other branch of studious service. Too much of this class of reading is apt to spoil the appetite for that genuine reading that is a delightful feast and festival.

The lover of books feels, when he commits himself to their company, that he is conquering the narrow limitations of his own proper life—which may be too busy, care-haunted, or sordid to be tolerable except when thought is consumed by action—and that he is free to revel in the amplest existence that the world ever afforded.

All the great men have turned into books, and are waiting silently for us to claim companionship. The princes of intellect give audience with open doors, or, to change the figure to one that Ritchie has used, we step into a concert-hall of voices from all times and places. The complete thought of the human mind from the beginning is here for us, but condensed and clarified.

"Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are—nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

They contain the intellectual legacies of the race, to which all are heirs. There are no favorites here. Literature is a democratic domain. No question is asked, as Lamb rejoiced to think, of a student's finances before he is made free of the company. We know the illustrious dead who live through their books better than their most intimate contemporaries knew them; we may choose our friends all from the best society without any demur on their part.

Is it better to have read so widely that few of the treasures of the world's literature are unknown, or to have the pleasure in store? The lover of books will sometimes feel almost a pang of envy when he sees the young beginning to taste the sweets of literature.

He would fain enjoy again the eager relish with which he devored some delightful volume. But that is a grudging spirit, for the pleasures of re-reading are often greater than those of first acquaintance, and, if the masterpieces of the past were not inexhaustible, the output of the present day is so great that it is no easy task to sample all the books that are said to be worth attention.

It is better to have found than to be setting out on the quest; yet it is stirring to see the young pilgrims to the shrine of learning go forth, and pleasant to have a word with them about the journey.

In books the world has a free university, with the learning taking an infinite variety of forms and suiting every capacity by imperceptible gradations. When once the stumbling-block of mechanical reading is surmounted, all ways lie perfectly open; and in these days of free libraries the poor man who has time to spare may become as conversant with all those best things, said in the best way, which make up our classical literature as any professor whose business it is to introduce the young into the vestibule of the courts of learning.

But time is wanted to make a reader, and time has hitherto not been at the command of any except the well-to-do. Both John Wesley and Johnson thought five hours a day would suffice for the eventual mastery of those things which it were well to know. Few of us can hope for any such expenditure of time, or would find it profitable if we could, as reading would then cease to be a change and might become a weariness. But at present the fault does not lie in that direction; it is only one of us here and there who has had the opportunity of drinking deeply of the delight that is found in books, or who can say gratefully with old Montaigne, "They are the best viaticum I have yet found out for this human journey."

THE will is the highest force in nature, the last consummate blossom of all her marvellous efforts, a gathering together and concentration of different forces into one definite mode of action. By the power of a well-fashioned will man reacts with intelligent success upon the external world, brings himself into a complete harmony with his surroundings, assimilates and incorporates nature, and thus carries forward its organic evolution.

OPPORTUNITIES for doing greatly seldom occur, for life is made up of infinitesimals. If you compute the happiness in any given day, you will find that it was composed of small attentions, kind looks which made the heart swell and stirred into health that rancid film of misanthropy which is apt to congulate on the stream of our inward life.

THE wonders of life are not in deeds, but in characters. Let me look into the martyr's soul and see the perfect consecration which is burning there, and then there is no wonder in my spirit when I see him walking next day to the stake as to a festival.

FEW people are dull while they are diligently employed—none who take an interest in their work and try to do it well. It is when they lay it aside, and with it all sense of responsibility, that things sometimes take on a sombre and colorless aspect.

As well might a planet, revolving round a sun, expect to have perpetual daylight in both hemispheres as a man to expect in this life to enjoy happiness throughout unmixed with sorrow or pain.

LET the memory of those oversights by which we have suffered, instruct us; for though past moments cannot be recalled, past errors may be repeated.

AFTER friendship and love come benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. L. C.—Address Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city.

MISS WOODEX.—The party inquired about is not now a contributor to the Post.

SHAUNGHUM.—Address "Secretary Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia, Pa.," enclosing stamp for reply.

H. R. R.—Send a lead-pencil tracing of the coin—both sides—and we may be able to give you an idea of its value. To make the tracing put a soft piece of paper on the face of the coin and rub lightly with a blunt lead-pencil.

A. B. C.—There is no sale for ordinary old stamps. They must be rare to bring any price. Send a postal addressed to yourself and we will forward the name of a firm where you may apply.

PET.—We cannot explain to you the exact difference between Wedgewood, Dresden, Sevres, Grieu, Nancy, and other fashionable wares. Only a dealer or connoisseur in porcelain can do that.

IGNORAMOUS.—The quotation—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one,"

is from Ingomar the Barbarian, a play translated by Maria Lovell.

LAZ.—Open the door of the drawing-room, enter, announce "Mr. Smith," "Mrs. Smith," or "Miss Smith," and step to one side to allow the guest to enter. You precede them upstairs. Visitors generally pause a moment in the hall to allow the maid to close the hall door, and come up to them and pass on.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The eve of St. Agnes falls on January 20th. St. Agnes was a young Roman Christian who suffered terrible persecution, and then martyrdom, under Diocletian. There are absurd superstitions connected with the day, as that, by divination, a girl may learn who her future husband will be, or something about him.

B. A. L.—We think we have answered your question more than once. Magic-lantern slides can be painted with water-colors and ox-gall, and then finished with oils. They can also be done without difficulty, and entirely with the varnish-colors prepared for the purpose. The firms producing them have published manuals on the art.

ELIFA.—The Jewish people date their era from the creation, which they consider to have been 3,760 years and three months before the beginning of our era. To reduce Jewish time to ours, substract 3,761 years. The Jewish year consists of either 12 or 13 months of 29 or 30 days. The year 5,653 of the Jewish era commenced on September 22nd, 1892.

ESPERANCE.—"Sesame" was the talismanic word which would open the door that led to the cave of the "Forty thieves" in the Arabian Nights. Sesame is an annual herbaceous plant of the genus Sesamum, the seeds of which are sometimes used for food, and also furnish a valuable oil. It is pronounced as three syllables—Ses-a-me.

R. L.—In reply to your question as to how the approximate age of certain Egyptian and other great ruins of past ages can be ascertained without a record of historical dates, one method of calculation is very satisfactory—it is by the measurement of the rise of deposits in their vicinity. The deposit is, of course, much influenced by the fall of leaves or drifts of sand; and we should have thought the drift of sand in Egypt would have been at a far quicker rate than three inches and a half in a century. In Central America, and in Ceylon, the deposits have reached halfway up the wonderful ancient remains of temples; so the periods must vary greatly according to the several localities.

ITALY.—There is a difference in the cutting of diamonds, and that called a brilliant is the most valuable. In that called a rose diamond (which has a number of small facets, or flat surfaces), the brilliancy of the stone is sacrificed in the cutting to retaining a greater size. The cutting is chiefly performed in Amsterdam by the Jews. By their distinction as being of the first or second "water," we understand that they are comparatively free from clouding and imperfection. Being the hardest of all stones, they can be cut and polished by their own dust only; and with the exception of the ruby, is the most valuable of all precious stones. Half pearls are often employed in rings and other jewelry; but naturally a cut or half pearl is only worth the half of its original size.

TRUTH.—Our theory of dreams is that the mind or brain, still in action before settling down to that sleep which is the true recreative power, is engaged in certain kaleidoscopic conformations, or rather conglomerations; that is, that certain images, formed or half formed from previous remembrances, fall into curious juxtaposition, and thus form a dream which has all the substance of reality. Thus your hunting dream, a very common variety of dream, was so vivid that the gigantic elk, leopard, &c., seemed even after waking as realities. What Fielding has "so graphically portrayed in his Voyage from this World to the Next," which you "have not read for a quarter of a century," is, we presume, the transmission of souls from one body to another, itself a mere dream, unworthy an infinite Creator and an omniscient God. For such transmission could only exist so that the guilty soul should clear itself of earthly stains under various conditions of body in which it would surely contract other stains. And, as God must know the end, of what use would the trial be? It would be a useless expenditure of vital and psychic force.

THE HEART'S SORROW.

BY M. PRAY-LEAVELL.

God truly made the human heart
To agonize and thrill;
And ev'ry nerve must truly smart,
His purpose to fulfill.
There is no fibrous cord nor string,
No part, however small,
That shall not feel keen sorrow's sting,
That shall not know its thrall.

'Twill never be quite still and mute
Till all the chords of strife,
Adjusted by the angels, suit
God's keynote to your life.
'Twill never yield its transient breath,
'Twill never break atwain,
Till ev'ry tension's strung—then death
May own all that remain.

"Poor Peter!"

BY NORA VYNE.

"POOR PETER!" said Mrs. Hazzit.

"What's the matter with him?" Mrs. Hazzit's cousin, Ford Curtice, asked sharply. "He is engaged to one splendid girl, who is sitting in the house working him a letter-rack, and he is spending the afternoon flirting with another girl, who according to your account, is even more charming than the one to whom he is engaged. His does not seem to me a fate to be sighed over."

"Ah, but that is just it!" returned Mrs. Hazzit, sighing again. "To think of poor Peter being bound to marry my companion when he might have married a beautiful heiress!"

"But if he likes Miss Lever best?" suggested Ford.

"Don't be idiotic!" cried Mrs. Hazzit impatiently. "Given two girls equally pretty, of course a man of sense will love the one with most money best. I should if I were a man!"

"I am sure you would," replied Ford; "and I should have thought Peter would. That is why this engagement surprises me. How did it come about, Minnie? I always gave Peter credit for more prudence."

"So did I. I don't think Peter ever did an imprudent thing in his life before; but, when such prudent people do get an attack of romance, there is no saying what they won't do. It all happened so quickly! Miss Lever had not been here a month; and I was so taken by surprise that I actually let them persuade me into giving my consent! Not that my consent mattered one way or the other, but it pleased Peter, for he was simply mad about her then. He has come to his senses now, and regrets his folly as much as I do."

"Then the sooner he tells Miss Lever so the better," said Ford sharply.

"Ah, but he has written her letters!" said Mrs. Hazzit doubtfully.

Ford looked at his cousin's selfish commonplace face in undisguised disgust.

"Is it possible, Minnie," he said, "that you think Miss Lever capable of holding an unwilling lover to a promise he regrets simply because it happens to be written?"

Mrs. Hazzit noticed the disgust in his tone, but supposed it was for Miss Lever's presumption, not for her own coarse-mindedness, so she went on placidly—

"My dear Ford, of course she is capable of it! A girl of that class would do anything to secure a fairly well-off husband. Why, I should myself in her place! Poor Peter, he won't actually break his word; but, if he could get out of the engagement, he would. I am going to do my best to break it off. Don't you think I am right?"

"Yes," Ford answered—"I think you are quite right."

"I knew you would," she said cheerfully. "Miss Faucit is a sweet girl, just the wife for Peter."

"Does she want to marry him?"

"Oh, yes; we have often talked about it together!"

"Have you indeed? She is that sort of a girl, is she? She does not know of Peter's engagement, of course?"

"How could she help knowing of it? She is as sorry for the poor fellow as I am."

"Do you mean, Minnie, that she would marry him if he broke faith with Miss Lever?"

"My dear Ford, of course she would like him all the better for winning him away from some one else—any woman would!"

Ford instinctively moved his chair a few inches farther away from his cousin.

"I am sorry any woman says so," he returned. "There may be women as contemptible as you say—I have your word for it that there is one—but I prefer to think there are not many."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Hazzit said crossly; "we are all alike! Do you think I should ever have married Tim if another girl had not wanted him?"

Ford opened his eyes at this. By no stretch of imagination could he believe that any other girl had wanted to marry the late Timothy Hazzit; but he said nothing.

"It is hard," Minnie Hazzit went on, "that Peter's whole life should be sacrificed to his sense of honor."

"I thought it was to his fear of an action for 'breach,'" said Ford curtly.

"Well, it's all the same," replied Mrs. Hazzit impatiently. "He calls it his honor. Anyhow, if it were not for those letters, he would be able to deny being engaged, and then there would be no scandal."

"I don't quite understand," said Ford.

"How stupid you are! What is it you don't understand?"

"Where the 'honor' comes in."

"Why, of course it would not matter what he had done if no one knew anything about it; but he thinks it would be better to do without Miss Faucit's money than to have people gossiping about his having broken his engagement without any reason. It would be different if we could find a reason, but, as it is, it would affect his position—and Peter is bound to consider his position."

"Poor Peter, I should think he regrets going in for that sort of thing now? It is trying to have to set up to one's own precept."

Mrs. Hazzit at last began to understand that her cousin was not exactly in sympathy with her.

"The only thing he regrets is his infatuation for a pretty face," she said crossly.

"Is the heiress plain?" Ford asked.

"No, indeed; she is far the better-looking of the two. Ah, if only she had come into the neighborhood a week sooner! I will show you her photograph."

Ford and his cousin had been sitting on the verandah, and now Mrs. Hazzit, entering the drawing-room by the French window, brought out an album open at the first page.

Ford took the book from her, and then she was called away on some household matter, and left him to look at the portrait at his leisure. He did not look at it long however, for in the second space on the same page was another portrait—a girl's face, young, but worn and lined a little already, a trifle hard and cynical too, but still beautiful, and with boundless capacities of love and tenderness in it. Ford looked at this portrait long and earnestly, and almost resentfully, as he reflected that the girl it represented was going to marry his cousin Peter.

Until he had come, a few days previously, to visit her cousin, Ford had not even known of Doris Lever's existence; yet the news of her engagement, which he had heard that afternoon, had been a bitter disappointment to him, and had startled him into the knowledge that he himself loved the girl very dearly indeed. The news surprised him the more because during the time he had been in the house he had not seen Peter pay Miss Lever any particular attention; nor had she seemed to resent in the least his going almost every day on some excuse or other to the little cottage which Miss Faucit and her chaperon had taken for the summer.

Ford looked again at the portrait, but the quiet sad face told him nothing; and then, glancing up, he saw Doris standing watching him.

"You seem interested in my portrait, Mr. Curtice," she said.

"Yes—well, yes," he replied confusedly. "Yes, I was looking at it."

"You were looking at my portrait to try to read my character," she said, laughing; "were you not?"

"Yes, I was. And it wasted time; I should have done better to study the original."

She looked at him astonished for a moment, then laughed again, and, dropping into a chair, sat gazing at him steadily.

"Well, what do you see?" she said at last.

"Peter's betrothed."

"Is that all?"—"That is so hard to understand, I can get no farther."

The girl's face flushed painfully. She looked almost frightened, but still her voice was firm as she said—

"Neither of us has given you any reason to say that, Mr. Curtice. He is a very good man, and I am a very fortunate girl. What is it that you cannot understand?"

"I can't understand what you can have seen in Peter."

The girl compressed her lips tightly and did not answer.

"I can't understand any one being in love with Peter," Ford went on.

Miss Lever's face hardened, but still she did not speak.

"Are you in love with Peter?"

The girl rose.

"I did not want to quarrel with you," she said—"that was why I did not speak. I am going in!"

"I don't believe you love him at all!" cried Ford.

"Indeed! Then believe at least that I respect him and myself too much to discuss such a matter with you!"

"I don't believe anything of the sort; you don't discuss the subject because you dare not tell the truth and you won't tell a falsehood. I can't understand you at all!"

"Is there any reason why you should understand me?" she asked haughtily. "I can't conceive why you should wish to do so."

"Can't you?" he said simply. "I should have thought you would guess that. It is because I loved you myself!"

The girl had moved a step or two away, but she stopped now and turned.

"Is that your motive?" she cried angrily. "Oh, what a contemptible creature I must be if you love me and dare to tell me so, knowing that I am engaged to your cousin! How false and dishonorable you must think me! How false and dishonorable you yourself must be! No—don't say anything more; I have heard a great deal too much! Never dare to speak to me again; I shall not answer if you do! You have disgraced yourself, but you shall not disgrace me!"

"I shall certainly speak to you if I have anything to say," said Ford stolidly. "And I have not disgraced myself in the least. I have not done anything wrong, and I won't be scolded into believing that I have! I won't speak about my motive if it distresses you; but you ought to hear my warning."

Without speaking or looking round, the girl walked quickly down the verandah steps and left him.

"So she is fond of him!" Ford reflected. "Well, there is no accounting for the sort of fellow a good woman will grow fond of. I suppose she will have to marry him; a woman would always sooner be miserable with the man she loves than happy with the man she only likes. But it is a pity!"

He sat idly arranging and rearranging the photographs in the album, struggling against the temptation to steal that of Doris Lever.

Presently he heard a visitor being shown into the drawing-room, and recognized the voice of Miss Hawkshaw, the most inveterate gossip in the neighborhood. He heard Mrs. Hazzit enter and greet her visitor, and caught fragments of the conversation which ensued. Mrs. Hazzit was telling her friend about Peter's engagement and the two were deploring it together.

"So sudden, so unfortunate! Poor Peter!"—"Only with you two months? Why, you can't know anything?"—"Hush!"

Miss Hawkshaw's voice was lowered to a whisper, and Ford went on absently playing with the photographs. Then the voices became audible again.

"Are you sure?"—"Oh, yes; she recognized her!"—"Can it be the same?"—"Person of discreditable antecedents."—"Most fortunate you called!"—"Write at once."

Hearing that the visitor was about to depart, Ford left the verandah lest she should come that way.

A little later Peter returned from Miss Faucit's, and his sister, who had just returned from posting a letter, at once sought an interview with him.

Peter did not appear at dinner, and Miss Lever sent a message to Mrs. Hazzit saying that she had a headache and could not come down that evening.

The next day Miss Lever persistently avoided Ford, keeping in her own room as much as possible. Peter came home in exceedingly good spirits about six o'clock, at which time the evening post usually arrived. He waited about impatiently until his sister sent a message begging him to come to her sitting-room. Ford considered a moment; the few words he had overheard, the letter, the general air of mystery—all led to one conclusion. He got up and rang the bell.

"Where is Miss Lever?" he said to the servant.

"In her room, sir. Her headache has returned, and she does not wish to be disturbed."

"Ask her if she will be so good as to speak to me for five minutes."

The servant brought back a very uncompromising answer.

"Miss Lever's headache is too bad for her to see any one, sir."

"I will send her up a note." And he wrote in pencil—

"You can't go on having a headache indefinitely; you must see me sooner or later. Please see me now. I have something to say to you."

A couple of minutes later he received the reply—

"I don't want to see you; it will only hurt me. Please don't insist."

The tone of the note conquered him for the moment. Shortly afterwards he heard Peter and Mrs. Hazzit in the hall.

"Well, let me get out of the house first," Peter was saying.

"But, Peter, why, when you are the chief person concerned?"

"All the more reason why I should get out of the row," said Peter. "Good-bye!"

"Then I shall send for Miss Hawkshaw to support me."

"Send for whom you like so long as you let me go!"

Ford rose and went into the hall just as the door closed behind Peter.

"What is all this mystery about, Minnie?" he said to his cousin.

Mrs. Hazzit told him with such an air of importance to wait and see that he resolved not to wait a moment longer, and went straight up-stairs to Miss Lever's sitting-room. Finding the door open, he walked in after a merely formal knock.

Doris was sitting near the window mending gloves. She looked startled, almost frightened, when Ford entered, but she did not speak.

"How is your headache?" he said.

"I have no headache," she answered coldly. "I have been staying in my room to avoid meeting you; and you know it, for you made it necessary. I shall stay here as long as your visit to your cousin lasts."

"I suppose you expect me to say I will go at once—that is the proper and romantic thing to do, of course—but I shall not say it, and I shall not do it. You need some one to take care of you."

"I have Peter."

"Have you? I am not so sure of that; if I were, I would not interfere. My dear girl, don't look at me like that! Do you suppose I should hurt you for the pleasure of doing so, or without good reason?"

"What is your reason?"

"I want to serve you—I want to help you through a danger which threatens you. I am not clever enough to do the thing skilfully; you must let me blunder on in my own way. There is something being plotted against you."

"What do you mean?" said Doris, in surprise.

"I can't speak very clearly, for I don't understand the matter myself, but there is something going on between Minnie and Peter which concerns you."

"If it is anything that concerns me, Peter will let me know all about it at the proper time."

"I doubt it. I don't see that there could ever be a proper time for a man to tell the girl he has asked to marry him that he has been making private investigations as to her character."

"You don't dare to tell me Peter has done that?" she cried angrily. "I will not believe it!"

"I am afraid he has."

"Well, why not?" the girl said, controlling her anger with an effort.

"If he felt curious, he ought to have asked you straight out; but, since he prefers secret ways, you ought to be warned."

"Why?"—"I thought you ought—that is all."

"But why?"

"It is only fair that you should have time to prepare yourself. No one likes to have their secret pried into."

"Mr. Curtice, is it possible that you suppose there is anything in my life that I should not like to have inquired into?"

"I heard something about some one who had recognized some one, and a word or two about a letter and investigations. The letter came just now. There is going to be something in the way of an exposure, and you ought to be warned."

"I ask you, Have you the insolence to tell me that you suppose there is anything in my past life that would hurt me if it were found out?"

"I thought there might be something you would prefer to keep private; but whether there is or not, you ought to know what is going on."

"You thought that of me—you—and yet only yesterday you said you loved me!"

"Yes; and I would say it again but that I promised you I wouldn't."

"And yet you can think I have a secret?"

"Well, people often have secrets. If I had any, I shouldn't like to have Peter prying into them; that was why I made up my mind that you should know he was prying into yours."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Curtice," the girl said scornfully, "for the good opinion you have of me!"

"You ought to be," he returned seriously, "for it is a very good opinion I have of you.

"In spite of the mysterious something to be investigated?"

"Yes—in spite of that. Whatever it is, I know it can't be anything very bad."

"What courage! What faith!" she exclaimed mockingly. "It is almost enough to tempt me to put it to the test."

"I wish you would. I wouldn't ask you any questions."

"Mr Curtice"—with an angry laugh—"you are very loyal and very trustful and very generous, but you are very stupid! Don't you see that your loyalty, your trust, and your generosity are simply exasperating me? I have absolutely nothing to fear from any inquiries into my past."

A servant knocked at the door.

"Mrs. Hazelt would like to see you at once in the drawing-room, miss," the maid said.

"Ah, now I shall hear all about it!"—and Doris turned to Ford with a smile.

"Let me accompany you."—"Certainly! Why not?"

They found Miss Hawkshaw in the drawing-room with Mrs. Hazelt.

"Will you leave us, Ford?" said Mrs. Hazelt. "I have something important to say to Miss Lever."

"No," Ford answered resolutely—"I am going to stay. You have a friend present, so it is only fair that Miss Lever should have a friend too."

Mrs. Hazelt turned to Doris.

"For your own sake, Miss Lever, it will be better for the matter to be kept private. I advise you to request Mr. Curtice to leave us."

"I would rather he stayed," Doris answered quietly. "The matter, whatever it is, can't be kept very private if Miss Hawkshaw hears it; and, besides, I know of nothing you can have to say to me that any one might not hear."

"As you will," said Mrs. Hazelt. "Please to tell her what you have told me, Miss Hawkshaw."

Miss Hawkshaw made her statement.

"A friend of mine—Mrs. Loxley—a person of position, who spent a few days in this neighborhood a week or two ago, told me that while here she met and recognized a disreputable person, an adventuress, who had been passing herself off in Cheltenham as an Italian countess, and had all but entrapped a respectable elderly clergyman into marrying her. That is all I have to say."

Mrs. Hazelt took up the story.

"Directly Miss Hawkshaw told me that, I wrote to her friend Mrs. Loxley asking for particulars and enclosing your photograph. I will read you her reply."

"One moment!" Ford interrupted. "Miss Lever, what I said up-stairs I say again here. Whatever is in the letter, whatever may be said against you, I shall not believe it. I hold to all I said."

"Thank you," said Miss Lever—"thank you; that is all I am free to say. Will you read the letter now, Mrs. Hazelt? Let us hear what the 'person of position' has to say."

"'Ormer Street, Cheltenham.

"'Dear Madam—The portrait you enclose is undoubtedly that of the adventuress who made such a scandal in this town. It represents the same person whom I saw during my stay in your neighborhood; I should have known her painted face anywhere. She left Cheltenham deeply in debt, and all sorts of strange stories are going round the town concerning her. I have no time to write more by this post, and dare not delay after what you have told me. You shall have further particulars to-morrow.'"

Mrs. Hazelt laid down the letter.

"That is all, Miss Lever," she said, speaking civilly—for, now that Miss Lever was no longer to be feared as a prospective sister-in-law, her animosity had cooled. "What have you to say?"

"Why, that it is all absolute nonsense so far as I am concerned!" cried Miss Lever, too amazed to be angry. "I am not an adventuress. Don't you think that, if I had been, I should have aimed at something more than the position of companion? 'Painted face'! Why, if I painted my face, I should paint it a better color!"

"Oh, your present style of face is quite in keeping with your new part!" snapped Miss Hawkshaw, anxious to revenge herself for what Doris had said on entering the room. "Of course the role of companion is simpler than that of Italian countess, and you dressed accordingly; it was easier to play too, and came very near being successful. But for me, you would have succeeded in marrying your employer's brother."

"Succeeded in marrying him!" The color rushed into the girl's face. "Oh, where is Peter? He ought to be here—he ought to answer that! He would say how unwilling I was to consent to marry him—how I told him frankly that I did not love him, but believed in him and thought him so good, and was so tired of my lonely hard life; and he said he would be content if I would try to love him; and I did try—no one can know how hard!"

"Do you mean," said Mrs. Hazelt angrily, "that you will hold my brother to his word in spite of this?"

"In spite of what?" said Doris. "Of all the nonsense you have been reading? That can make no difference. It will be easy for me to prove that I was never in Cheltenham in my life; it will be easy for me to account for every week, every day I have passed since I left school. I meant to be true to Peter, cost what it might; but, if, as I begin to believe, he knew that there was some charge hanging over me and left me to meet it alone, that will alter matters."

Mrs. Hazelt sat looking at Doris dubiously for a moment or two, and then said—

"Then you release Peter?"

"'Release' is not the word. But I will not condemn him unheard; I will hear what he has to say first."

A servant entered with a letter.

"Miss Faucit's maid brought this, ma'am. It is marked 'Immediate'; but there is no answer."

"From Peter!" Mrs. Hazelt cried, in surprise. "What can he have to say by letter?"

Peter's communication seemed to disturb her a good deal as she read it. When she has finished, she looked up at Doris with a shamed expression.

"I wish this had come earlier," she remarked, "and then we need not have mentioned the other matter at all."

"What is it?" said Ford. "Anything that concerns us?"

"It concerns Miss Lever," Mrs. Hazelt replied. "Really, Miss Lever," she continued, "I am quite sorry that I have distressed you. It would not have happened if Peter had been only more frank about it."

"You have not distressed me at all, Mrs. Hazelt," Doris replied quietly. "Please let us hear what Peter ought to have been frank about."

"I would rather not"—doubtfully—"it does not show Peter in a good light."

"Never mind that," said Ford; "it can't make us think worse of him than his staying away to-night has done. Read the letter!"

Ford spoke decidedly, and Mrs. Hazelt, in her perplexity, was glad to be guided by anybody.

"Dear Minnie," she read—"On hearing from you of the grave suspicions you entertained with regard to Miss Lever's past life, I was so deeply grieved and shocked that I felt the need of consolation and sympthy, and went at once to Miss Faucit and acquainted her with the deplorable position in which I stood. I told her frankly the exact state of my feelings, and she made a very practical suggestion. 'Suppose,' she said, 'that Miss Lever refutes all these charges successfully; you will be bound to marry her in atonement. Your sister's well-meant interference will in that case have ruined us by taking away your one chance of escape—that of delay.' I assured Miss Faucit that, even if your suspicions were unfounded, I still saw another means of escape; but she would not be consoled. 'Peter,' she said solemnly, 'I feel that, if you go back to await the answer to your sister's inquiries, we shall be parted for ever.' You may guess how deeply I was touched by this anxiety, this proof of the depth of her affection for me. It became impossible for me to wait for the result of your inquiries. When I left Miss Faucit, it was to go to London to make arrangements for our wedding. She followed me to town this morning, and we were married by special license."

"Ah!" Doris ejaculated; and there was such intense relief in her eyes that Ford felt encouraged to cross the room and take up his position beside her.

Mrs. Hazelt went on reading—

"I left my wife in town this afternoon while I came down to her house to fetch the remainder of her valuables, which her maid was to have packed. As they were not ready for me to take, I, contrary to my wife's wish, came to see you, and heard, as you know, that your worst suspicions were verified and that my conduct was justified; though, in any case, as I hinted just now, I should have held myself blameless with regard to Miss Lever, for she must have been encouraging the attentions of my cousin Ford, or he would not have had the audacity to remove from the family album the photograph of a young lady who was engaged to me."

"She had not encouraged me in the least," Ford interrupted. "She had discouraged me most emphatically. But I did take your portrait, Doris," he added, turning to Miss Lever; "you see, it seemed to be all that I was likely to have of you."

Mrs. Hazelt let the last sheet of her brother's letter fall to the floor unheeded, while she gazed at Ford in bewilderment.

"You took Miss Lever's portrait from the album?" she gasped. "When did you take it?"

"While you were talking to Miss Hawkshaw."

Mrs. Hazelt turned pale, and trembled with apprehension as she said—

"It was dusk when I came out to find the album, and I was anxious and hurried. I felt in the usual—the second space on the first page—and took out a portrait, which I sent to Mrs. Loxley. Whose could it have been?"

"Not Doris Lever's, for I have it safe here," said Ford, triumphantly producing it, "I moved the photographs about a good deal; I suppose I put some one else in her place."

"Then Mrs. Loxley's information does not apply to Miss Lever?" cried Mrs. Hazelt, her perplexity increasing.

"Not in the least."—"But what can it all mean?"

"Simply that Miss Hawkshaw's friend recognized in the neighborhood some one whose antecedents she knew were questionable, and that she has since identified a portrait from your album as that of the person of doubtful character. The question is, Whose portrait is it?"

"Good heavens," cried Miss Hawkshaw, in a tone that was meant to express consternation, but which sounded very much more like one of the keenest enjoyment, "it may be our nearest neighbor, our most respected friend?"

"Just so," Ford said quietly. "Get the book, Minnie, and see whose portrait is missing."

Owing to Ford's moving of the photographs, Mrs. Hazelt had to go to the very end of the book before she could find out which portrait was missing. She knew at last, and dropped the book in her consternation. Doris and Ford, who had been talking quietly together, looked round; Miss Hawkshaw had been watching her friend eagerly all the time.

"Well?" they all said together.

"The portrait I sent to Mrs. Loxley was that of the heiress, the supposed heiress, Miss Faucit," said Mrs. Hazelt tragically, "and Peter has married her this morning!"

There was silence for a moment or two; then Ford gave expression to the general feeling—

"Poor Peter!"

Mrs. Hazelt began to cry, Doris looked half included to offer her sympathy, and Miss Hawkshaw struggled for a moment between her duty to her friend and her enjoyment of a scandal; but the latter was the stronger emotion of the two, so she hurried away to spread the story of Peter's misfortune, as gleefully as she would have spread that of Miss Lever's disgrace.

A Convict's Message.

BY G. A. T.

THE judge who presided at the trial referred to it as "one of the most singular and dramatic episodes in the annals of crime." For my part, to recall the affair is to feel again the flush of intense excitement, the strain of acute suspense.

When the directors of our railway appointed me as bullion manager, I went down to Felixbourne and saw Mr. Laidlaw. Mr. Laidlaw was chaplain at the convict prison at Felixbourne.

"Mr. Laidlaw," I said, "I like Angela very much indeed, and we want to get married."

"My dear boy," said the good old fellow, putting his hand on my shoulder, "if you are earning enough to make my girl comfortable you have my consent."

We talked the matter over.

"If they were to pay you at Angela's valuation," added Mr. Laidlaw in his genial way, "you would be rolling in wealth."

"I must beg of you, dad," said the dear girl, entering at that moment, "not to make pretty speeches to gentlemen from the City. It makes them egotistical."

Mr. Laidlaw laughed and went out. I kissed Angela on the two dainty freckles near her ear and on her lips—but this is not a love story.

The chaplain's house at Felixbourne was quite close to the prison walls. From one of the top windows you could see over the high confines of the prison into the yard where the poor wretches, in their grey Scotch caps and hideous dust-colored garments, marched in squads working out in dead silence their melancholy time of punishment.

"Four parcels of bonds for Paris, sir," said one of my men entering the office one evening.

I was reading again a disquieting telegram I had just received. Handed in at my office in North London and unsigned, it begged me in urgent terms to go down to Felixbourne by the 6 P. M. train. I fumbled the form into my pocket, and told Johnson to bring the parcels in.

They were from Thistlewhaite & Co., the brokers of Cornhill, and were consigned to Caron, Lippmann et Cie., of the Rue de la Banque, Paris. The declared value was £1,200, but as it is usual to state five per cent. only of the gross value to the railways and to insure the remaining 95 per cent. with the underwriters, I knew that the real and actual sum was over £20,000.

I locked them in one of the chests in the presence of Johnson, enclosed the feuille de route to our continental agent, and sent the usual telegram advising dispatch.

"I shall leave you, Johnson, to take the guard's signature for the chest to-night," I said. "I shall not be able to stay to see the 6.30 off."

I hurried off for the train and just caught it. In an hour and a half I was at the prison gates.

"No, sir," said the housemaid, "they went away this morning, master and missus and Miss Angela did, to Oxford, sir, and they are not coming back until to-morrow night. Me and cook is in charge, sir,"

I was astounded. I looked at my watch and found it was too late to catch the last train back to town.

"Your usual room is ready, sir," said the girl, "if you thought of stopping."

It was Hobson's choice.

I was aroused about six o'clock the next morning by much tapping below my window. Some six or eight selected convicts doing some necessary repairs to the front of the house were working on ladders under the superintendence of three warders, who, with their loaded carbines in hand, patrolled the lawn beneath.

I dressed leisurely and then sat down to write a line to Angela. As I did so a shadow appeared at the window, and raising my eyes I saw the close-clipped face of a burly, middle-aged convict. His number was 249. He did not look up, but commenced stolidly to paint the woodwork.

"Dearest Angela," I wrote, "I received yesterday a mysterious—"

"Guvnor!"

The man was painting away and did not look at me.

"Guvnor!"

This time I am sure that it was he who spoke.

"Will—you—do—a—chap—a—good—turn?"

This in a hoarse whisper, with one syllable running into the other, and making of the sentence one huge impossible word.

"Will—you—write—down—five—fifty—five—Mill—Road—Walworth?"

I did so on an envelope before me.

"Will—you—go—there—and—tell—my—wife that—Jim's—hat—is—buried—at—the—back—of—the—stable?"

Almost without thinking of what I did I wrote down the words.

"Thank—ye."

The figure went up the the ladder a few steps and I saw nothing but his coarse grey stockings. I considered for a moment. The message seemed an innocent one, but I think I determinded to ask Mr. Laidlaw's advice in the matter when I next saw him.

I finished my letter. I hurried downstairs, had breakfast and caught an early train up to town. A cab across the City brought me to the door of my office in time

to receive the morning telegrams from the lad as he was bringing them in.

I opened one from our French correspondent and read this—

"You advise four parcels in chest. None received here. Explain.—Desvignes."

* * * * * *

I don't think I am naturally a nervous man, but as I gazed at the type-written telegram I must confess I felt unstrung. I sent for Johnson.

"Did any one come in here after I left and before you took the Paris chest to the train?"

"Yes, sir, two gents called to inquire for a value parcel from Germany. One was lame and sat down there in your chair near the iron chests. Other one took me to the door and asked me to look through his letter case for his note of advice from the sender."

"Had they anything with them?"

"Yes, sir; lame gent had a long cricket bag. I offered to carry it out to a cab, but he said he could manage it."

"Give me a description of the men."

I sent for the guard's address, and then wrote down all the information, to be sent to the City detectives in Old Jewry. The guard lived on the Surrey side of the water, and in order to clear up an important point I jumped into a hansom with my man and drove at once to his house. The guard was in bed, and in reply to my questions assured me that the chest was empty when he received it. Shortly after starting he had shaken it, and there was no sound.

This decided the matter. I told the man to dress at once, swallow his breakfast, and write out his statement. As I opened my pocket-book to read again the description of the visitors, the envelope with the address given me by my friend the convict fluttered out. The guard's wife picked it up and glanced at the writing before returning it to me.

"Do you know the address?" I said.

She said it was but two streets off.

I do not know whether many men are constitued alike in respect to this, but when I am agitated I feel a positive craving for continuous action. To remain still is for me absolutely impossible. That is why, forgetting my determination to consult Mr. Laidlaw, I started for the place, leaving the men to follow on and call for me as soon as they were ready.

No. 555, Mill Road, Walworth, turned out to be a solid, flat murky-looking house, with broken railings, a split doorstep, and a profusion of dandelions in the slip of arid front garden.

A stout, greasy woman answered my knock, and opened the door carefully, not at first removing the chain.

"I have a message from Felixbourne Prison," I said.

The woman's fat, heavy face brightened.

"From my 'usband, is it?"

"From No. 249," I said.

The chain was let down, and I entered the gloomy passage.

"He says that Jim's hat is buried at the back of the stable."

The woman gave a little gasp of pleasure.

"When did you leave the prison, mister? What was you in for? How's poor Jack looking?"

I explained that I had left that morning only.

"Boys!" she hallooed, knocking at the door of the back room at the end of the passage, "here's a friend of father's with a message about Jim's hat."

The woman pushed me good-naturally into the room. The blind was down, the heavy curtains were drawn to, and I could distinguish with difficulty the forms of two men. One was lying on the sofa with a crutch by his side, the other had just relighted his cigar in front of the mirror, and was watching the reflection as he puffed away. The red glow lighted up his face with a momentary brightness, and as I caught a glimpse of his features I started. He was one of the men whose description Johnson had given to me.

I thought of my dear girl, and I thought of my future career. I suppose this braced my faculties up to the requisite point.

"A couple of pals of mine are going to call here directly," I said.

"Straight 'uns, I hope," said the lame man.

"Straight as a needle," I answered, "and as honest as the day."

This latter encomium did not seem to carry much satisfaction to my hosts, and I turned the conversation quickly. They handed me some cigars, and as I took a light from the pipe of the man on the sofa (shading the while my face with one hand) I could see that he was the other individual whom we wanted.

As I stepped back to my chair the woman leant forward to the window and slightly raised the blind. I think that then my heart stopped.

Fortunately the elder "boy" took exception to the action.

"Do you want everybody to know we're here, you fool?" he growled.

Silently I thanked him for his unfit words. I was not anxious to be recognized just yet.

There was a knock at the door, and I was asked to answer it. As I did so I had just time to whisper to Johnson and the guard "Prepare for a row," and then let them quickly through the passage. The old lady had followed me out and caught sight of the uniforms.

"It's a plant!" she shrieked, and rushed back to the room.

The "boys" hurried out; and there was a sharp, a fierce, a desperate struggle. The two thieves fought as for very life, but we were three strong men with a grievance. The lame man's crutch gave me a cut across my forehead, the mark of which I still bear; the old woman, too, was, on the whole, rather a nuisance. The dim light increased the difficulties of the situation, but we secured our men, and they were in half an hour safely housed in the Carter Street Police Station.

There is really not much else to tell.

The four parcels of bonds were found in the house, packed ready for transit in a large hamper, out of the ends of which protuded feathers of birds and the foot of a hare. They were intact, and I sent them on the same night to the rightful consignee.

The telegram had been sent by one of the gang who had acquainted himself with my habits, and the keys had been copied from those shown to an interested stranger by an amiable, but too confiding captain of one of our boats. "Jim's hat" was found by the police to contain stolen diamonds of considerable value. The "boys" were sentenced each to five years' penal servitude, and have, no doubt, at one or the other of the establishments which Sir Edmund du Cane rules, encountered their excellent father, and thanked him for his well-intentioned message.

TURNING THE TABLES.—A tale is told of the manner in which Daniel O'Connell turned the tables on the London Times.

The Times had declared that it would never allow the Irish agitator's name to go into its columns, and, therefore, when he rose to speak in the House of Commons, the Times reporters threw down their pencils, folded their arms, and leaned back at ease.

On which up rose a friend of the orator and called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there were strangers in the gallery. Instantly the rule of the House prevailed, and out the reporters were hustled. Consequently the Times has no report of Parliament the next day.

A little later a representative of the paper called on Mr. O'Connell, and, eating humble pie, said the Times would like to report his speech at a certain meeting.

With great cordiality Mr. O'Connell agreed to allow the report, invited the reporter to ride with him in his carriage to his place of speaking, had a convenient place allotted to him there and table and ink brought for his convenience, and proceeded to deliver an eloquent oration in Irish!

THE ARMS TORTOISE.—When Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain in 1810, there was a gigantic turtle in a court of the Artillery Barracks at Port Louis, which is there still, although almost blind. It weighs, according to a French observer, 150 kilogrammes, and measures 2·50 metres (about [illegible] across the carapace. Its height from the ground to the top of the carapace, when it walks, is 0·61 metres (about 2ft.). It is believed to be 200 years old at least, nevertheless it carries two men on its back with ease. It is evidently a survival of the large turtles which which formerly existed in a wild state in the Seychelles and other islands of the Indian Ocean, but are now only found wild in the Aldabra Islands, north-west of Madagascar, where they are rapidly disappearing.

$100 Reward $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitu[illegible] Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The following queer advertisement appeared in a Georgia paper lately. "W. S. A. requests us to state that he has a son, a very likely young man, who is desirous of forming a matrimonial alliance. All communications will receive prompt attention."

The number of inhabitants of New York State is greater than the aggregate population of Connecticut, West Virginia, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Colorado, Oregon, Utah, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona and Idaho.

The seal used by the Treasury Department to-day is precisely the same as that of the Continental Treasury, bearing the same legend, emblems, etc., says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. It was prepared some time between 1778 and 1782, but it is not known by whom it was designed. The legend (Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil.) is translated "Seal of the Treasury of North America."

About 50 years ago Samuel Smith and Margaret Risk were married at Kent, O. Smith soon deserted his wife, going West, and eventually marrying again. After serving in the late war he removed to Hamilton township, Michigan. Having never forgotten the wife of his youth, he went to Kent the other day, where he found his early partner, who had also married again, but was now a widow. Smith's second wife having died, the couple were reunited.

Chicago policemen are said to have frightened little 8-year old Eddie Parker to death. The lad was arrested for having in his possession a stolen shirt, and when brought to the station house he was, it is claimed, threatened with the gallows and other terrors by the officers, until he lost control of himself. The policemen were unable to quiet him, and sent for his mother, who took him home. He became delirious, and had paroxysm after paroxysm until he finally died.

The annual spring report of the Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, presents the following as the condition of farm animals in the United States: "Horses—Average sanitary condition, 97.5, ratio of losses to the country at large, 1.7 per cent., as against 1.5 per cent. last year. Cattle—Average condition, 94.7, as against 93.2 a year ago; losses from all causes, 3.4 per cent. Sheep—Average condition, 94.9, as against 95.3 in 1892; losses from all causes, 4.4 per cent. Swine—Average condition, 95.4, the highest figure for several years, against 95.2 for 1892; ratio of losses, 6.3 per cent. The following are given as the approximate number of these classes of farm animals in the whole country: Horses, 16,207,000; cattle, 52,378,000; sheep, 47,274; swine, 40,005,000."

Faith in dreams is still active in Georgia, where a few nights ago a woman dreamed that an Indian angel appeared and, hovering over her couch, imparted to her the spot where golden treasure lies hidden. When she awoke she told her husband of it, and described the spot as being out on the east side of Flint river about a hundred yards below the bridge. Together they repaired to the spot, the husband armed with pick, spade and shovel, and, as his wife located the spot, he set to work and has dug a large hole. He has not found the treasure yet, but is still digging. While he digs his wife sits on the bank praying devoutly and earnestly. When they cease their labors at night the woman sprinkles camphor on the bank for the purpose, she says, of keeping off evil spirits.

An electrically controlled machine which will effectively stamp 30,000 letters in an hour is one of the interesting inventions that has been adopted in the Post Office Department. The letters are placed upon their edges in a horizontal hopper, and an ingenious device carries one at a time between two feed rolls. In this way the first separation is effected. A second set of feeding rolls performs another part of the work. In a simple way the inking rollers are reached, when the envelopes are stamped and passed on, one at a time, to the stacking table. A register shows the number of envelopes canceled. The date and hour in the die must be changed by hand. The various rollers are run by belts, passing over different sized pulleys, which are in turn connected by gearing to the axle of the motor.

R. R. R.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

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Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY.

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS), so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, [illegible] will be avoided, as these Pills promote the assimilation of the food and restore the healthy natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

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Our Young Folks.

BULLY'S ADVENTURE.

BY E. L. M.

THE bull dog was quite happy until the little girl from next door made remarks. His own little mistress laughed: that was what hurt Bully's feelings. They came to the back door—those two girls—to see whether it was raining. The one from next door said—

"Oh, what an ugly dog! Why, he can't shut his mouth. And—oh, look!—his nose is up in his forehead."

When his own dear little Miss Trixie laughed, it was too much for Bully. He did not know that she said the next moment, "Dear old Bully—you don't know what a faithful dog he is!" No; he put down his tail, and went away at once to the other end of the garden, where he could hear no more, and there he remained with his head stretched out on his paws, and blinked and shut his eyes, with a tear in the corner of each.

So he was ugly, was he? Ah! that was the reason why the children ran away when he went out, and the cats put up their backs at him when they came along the wall. Well, well—if he was so very ugly it was better to know it; and if they laughed at him, he could just go quietly away. How could he ever feel happy in his kennel again? He thought of running away, and seeing no more of the garden that had once been home. When the children were gone, he went slinking out into the lane, giving a little sniff as he took his hind legs and his tail over the dear old threshold. He would go to the other end of the world, and live there.

He thought the world consisted of the back lane and the front road, the fields and the cabbage gardens, one street of cottages and a long street of shops. It was true there were roofs beyond and factory chimneys smoking, but that distant smoky part appeared to him as a confused background; the dim blue roofs and the tall chimneys that smoked were like the sky—a far off picture that shut everything in. You see, the bull-dog's ideas were limited.

Well, he trudged along the lane, and past the cottages, making for the other end of the world as fast as he could. His jaw hung down, and so did his tail, because his pride was deeply wounded. Yes, they did not know how to value him rightly at home: if they thought him so ugly, he would not trouble them any more. He would pick up a crust or a bone somewhere, and never go near them again. So his nose was up in his forehead, was it? Very well; they could get a handsomer dog instead.

He was running along like this, very angry and very miserable, when he heard two men close in front of him saying—

"Oh, my fortune! There's a beauty! There's a jaw for you! I say, there's a breadth across! Did you ever see a finer fellow? Look at the broken tail, too—regular thorough-bred bull-pup, that. Come along, my joker. You're a beauty, you are—without paint!"

This so turned the bulldog's head that he did what he had never done before in all his life. He went up in these two strangers, and wagged his tail.

"Quite friendly, 'pon my word," said one. "Are you hungry, old boy?"

And Master Bully was handed a juicy piece of meat, and swallowed it greedily, and wagged his crooked tail for more.

"Hungry, eh? Have they starved you at home, poor fellow?

If Bully could have talked to well, I have said, most feelingly, "Oh no, but they did worse. They said my nose was up in my forehead."

However, he could not explain, but he looked at them wistfully, with his eyes almost coming out of his bullet head, partly because he wanted more meat.

They gave him more, too, and while he was eating they were so friendly as to say to each other that they had better take him to their house now, and they slipped a strap round his neck, and pulled him along so suddenly that he nearly choked trying to swallow the meat, and then he had to run so fast that his legs nearly went from under him.

The men took short cuts down narrow lanes, and ran full speed; in fact, they ran to the end of the world, so far as the dog knew. Here they were at last among narrow streets: they passed some of the dark noisy buildings with the high chimneys; and it was very wonderful to see that the world went even farther. In the town the men walked. The dog's tongue was hanging out, and he was panting with running so fast and so far. At last they pushed open a door, and dragged him into a yard, and banged the door after them.

Here they patted him and slapped him on the back in admiration; but he listened to their flattery, because he was so much surprised at seeing a great number of dogs already in the yard, and all the dogs barked at him when he came in; and the men praised him one minute, and the next shook their sticks as a threat and silenced the barking.

This made Bully think he could say something to all those impertinent dogs, as they were not allowed to speak, so he set his legs square, and gave a fine shout of a bark at the lot of them. In a moment he yelped with pain; then even ceased yelping and crouched against the wall, showing all his teeth, but not daring to use them. The man had set upon him cruelly with the stick only because he barked.

From that moment poor Bully knew what a bad exchange he had made. The men tied him in a corner of the gloomy yard, and gave him a handful of straw to lie on.

"Never mind!" said a sleek little terrier kindly, when the tyrants with their sticks were gone. "You will soon be sold. I was taken out and nearly sold this morning. They won't let us make a noise here."

"Who are they?" said Bully, wondering, if they were so kind on the road, why were they so cruel when he barked?

"They are dog-stealers," whispered the terrier behind his paw. But just then he saw a rat, and being loose, he and a couple of others chased it and lost it, and wagged their tails with excitement for half an hour after, but after the terrible example of Bully's beating they did not utter a sound.

The last thing the poor dog heard that night was that he might be shipped to France, where the English "boule-dogue" would be much admired and well paid for. This, you need hardly be told, again enlarged his ideas of the size of the world.

It happened that there was a bright full moon that night, and when Bully saw it, he sat down looking at it, and uplifted his nose, and howled aloud.

It is impossible to say whether it was the moon or the idea of going to France that made him cry, but he forgot the lesson he had received, and cried so very loudly that suddenly a window was opened, and a man's voice called to him, and the stick was rattled against the window-sill.

Ah! his dear little Miss Trixie was never cruel to him. She often caressed his big head, and he had been taught by kindness how to lift his rough paw and put the tip of it gently in her dear little hand.

"After all," poor Bully thought, "it does not matter so much whether one is handsome or whether one's nose is up in one's forehead, if people really love one. I do think Trixie loved me better than the handsomest dog that ever was."

It was a miserable night, and he often looked at the moon and longed to howl. He only dared to grunt instead, and the tears trickled out of his big round eyes and down between his paws on the straw. He had learned a little wisdom—that one cannot trust everybody who flatters, that it is very silly to be easily offended, and that is no place in the world like home, sweet home.

In the morning he would not eat.

"He is getting thin," said the man. "Better ship him and sell him before he gets any thinner."

One of the men put his hat on, and they opened the door of the yard.

Then Bully gathered up all his strength, felt his muscles stronger than iron, and with one bound broke his chain, dashed between the legs of the thief and sent him rolling over, and fled straight as a shot out of the yard and up the street, with the broken chain rattling after him.

Full speed he went. The children screamed and the people jumped out of the way, and four other dogs ran after him, all panting and all with their tongues out, to know what it was all about.

Full speed he ran from the end of the world, or near it, as he thought, back to the garden, and the kennel, and Trixie. He barked and scratched, and the door was opened, and everybody said, "Oh, here is Bully come back! he is found—he is found!" And they fed him, and said he was starved, and Trixie patted his head, and he was so happy that he jumped and covered the whole family with mud, as a proof that he had never loved them so much in his life.

Afterwards he won a prize at a dog-show, and then he was almost too proud to "notice him in."

"Some people do not know what beauty is," he thought. "Miss Trixie's mouth is small, and her nose should turn up towards her forehead."

THE WORLD'S FOOD FOR ONE DAY.—The average healthy man eats nearly two and a half pounds of solid food in a day. Some races eat much more than others, but against this we can set the smaller consumption of children and the delicate members of civilized communities. Now, as there are, according to computations, 1,497,000,000 human beings on the earth, we may conclude that 3,742,500,000 pounds, or about 1,670,758 tons of solid food are eaten every day the world over. With regard to the drinking capacity of the human race, as the proper individual allowance is nearly two and three-quarter pints a day, we may take it that the above named quantity of food is accompanied with about 4,116,750,000 pints of liquid in some form or other—that is to say, enough to fill a reservoir of considerable length, breadth, and depth.

LOBSTER SALAD.—After cracking the shell, take out the meat and tear apart in delicate flakes; put on ice. Wash several large bunches of celery and dry. Make a dressing by putting into a saucepan six tablespoonfuls of water in which has been dissolved a teaspoon of corn starch, two tablespoons of vinegar, two of butter, one of sugar, and a beaten egg; add salt and pepper. Let boil for a moment and mix a teaspoonful of oil with the powdered yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, and add the dressing when cold. When ready to serve, pull some lettuce leaves into small pieces and mix with the lobster; take some fresh water cresses and add. Mix all together and serve. Garnish with rings from the whites of hard boiled eggs laid on fresh, whole leaves of lettuce.

AN EXCHANGE OF PLEASANTRIES.—Lord Kames, when a circuit judge, was out walking in a Scotch town. He lost his way, and asked a man to help him out of the dilemma.

"That I will," answered the man, with much cordiality. "Does your lordship remember me? My name is John ——. I have had the honor to be before your lordship for stealing sheep."

"Oh, John," replied Kames, "I remember you well. How is your wife? She had the honor to be before me, too, for receiving them, knowing they were stolen."

"At your lordship's service. We were very lucky, and got off for want of evidence, and I am still going on in the butcher trade."

"Then," replied Kames, "we may have the honor of meeting again."

THE POISONED RAVEN.—A certain man noted for curing wounds and broken limbs had in his consulting-room a tame raven, which had learnt to speak a few phrases.

The people who came to consult this man, as a rule began their list of pains with, "Oh, Tom, I am so poorly;" and, from frequently hearing this, the raven could repeat it perfectly.

One day the raven escaped, and flew to a neighboring plantation, where a gentleman happened to be shooting. He fired at the raven, and struck it. On going to take up the bird, it opened its eyes and, with a dying gasp, said—

"Oh, Tom, I am so poorly."

The gentleman dropped his gun and fled.

HAPPINESS FROM LIFE.—It may be said that the power of extracting happiness from life is at best a self-regarding characteristic, and cannot take its place among the ennobling virtues. But this is not so. It has no selfish motive at the back of it; it is never gained at another's expense. On the contrary, it enables its owner to diffuse happiness around him in a plentiful degree. Every one who comes within his sphere is cheered, refreshed, gladdened. Unlike the pleasures of luxury or excitement, which perish in the using and never extend beyond the user, this happiness is ever multiplying itself and spreading its benign influence over the whole community. The more of it we have the more we give, and the more we give the more will return again to bless us.

SELF-CULTURE.—There is perhaps no single virtue that, if taken by its counterpart, may not sink into a foible, if not a vice. Thus, in any path, however good in itself, we must be on the watch as to how far to follow it, or rather where to begin to tread another road which has hitherto been neglected. Yet in this self-culture there are no sudden turns or sharp angles. As the beautiful colors of the rainbow melt and merge into one another while each retains its own individuality, so the rich qualities of a noble character blend harmoniously together while each one stands out in its own special radiance.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Air bolsters are the latest development of the cushion craze.

In Assyria women are sold as slaves to work with oxen at the plough.

Under the new law in South Carolina there will be but 40 saloons in the entire State.

A 7-year-old colored lad of Kosciusko, Mississippi, has been arrested, charged with murder.

A 16-year-old girl at Atchison, Kansas is writing a novel on "How to be Happy, though Married."

A woman at Winneconne, Wisconsin, married within half an hour after securing a decree of divorce.

A Berks county, Pa., farmer keeps a large number of snakes on his place for the purpose of killing rats.

Ella Nash is the name of a man who recently took for a bride Miss Mamie Reeves, of Buchanan county, Mo.

There are eight women attending a church in Cumberland county, North Carolina, whose ages range from 85 to 92 years.

The Queen of Hawaii is an accomplished musician. She spends a great deal of her time in singing and playing on the piano.

A street in Tokio, with the delightfully intelligible name of "Hunkedory," is to be reproduced in detail in the Japan exhibit at the fair.

Mrs. Deborah Hayes, aged 82 years, of Iola, Kansas, was among the women who voted at the recent municipal election in that city and state.

The family of Toppans, of Newburyport, Mass., still hold land there that has been in the family without interruption for two and a half centuries.

"In 1850," says the Medical Times, "there was one criminal in 3500 of our population, but in 1890 there was one in 780.5, a tremendous increase in 40 years."

Sixteen American cities have over 200,000 population. Of these Cleveland has the largest proportion of foreign born inhabitants; Washington the smallest.

A noted London bookseller says, as the result of life-long observation of his customers, that the philosophers read by women are Schopenhauer, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus and Renan.

In Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and San Francisco the Irish, it is said, outnumber the Germans, while in the other principal cities, it is claimed, the Germans lead the Irish in population.

Japanese women are merry little creatures, with sparkling, laughing eyes. The best writings of the country are from their pens. The girls age rapidly, and soon lose their beauty, but never their vivacity.

There is a genuine boom in daffodils in London, and, as fashions travel westward, the overcultivated chrysanthemum will probably be displaced in the buttonhole by the modest daffadowndilly of the Elizabethan poets.

The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1,620 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.3 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 feet per second, or a mile every 5.5 seconds.

When the German Emperor was a student at Bonn he is said to have been particularly fond of witnessing the duels of his fellow students. According to a writer in a French magazine, he used to hurry through his breakfast to spend an hour watching the glancing of swords, and the cuts and slashes given to noses and cheeks.

A very unusual case has been heard at Wellington, New Zealand, where a woman 70 years of age was charged with drunkenness. The evidence showed that she was the sole support of her father and mother, who are aged respectively 98 and 90 years. The woman recently gave way to drink. She was remanded for medical treatment.

A French statistician has estimated that a man 50 years old has worked 6000 days, has slept 4000, has amused himself 4000, has walked 75000 miles, has been ill 500 days, has partaken of 36,000 meals, eaten 16,000 pounds of meat, and 4000 pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk 7000 gallons of fluid, which would make a lake of 800 feet surface if three feet deep.

A young woman stopping in San Diego, Cal., who but recently came from the East to California, fell in love, married, settled down, broke up housekeeping, lost her husband and her maiden name—all in one week. Her husband during the same time left his situation, met and married the girl, changed his name twice and disappeared to parts unknown.

A wonderful food for weak invalids and babies that cannot digest common things is made as follows: Tie flour in a cloth and boil for three hours in milk and water, half and half. It will come out of the cloth in a loaf that soon steams and dries off. This must be grated, and forms a light, easily digested and exceedingly nutritious food. When given to infants it is made into a thin gruel with milk, so they can take it from a bottle.

LONG AGO.

BY W. W. LONG.

I roam thro' the land of long ago,
That reaches down to the sunset sea;
The mystical land of tender dreams,
Of love, and hope, and thee.

I stray by the river of long ago,
In the flower time of dreamy June;
The skies are clear and the grass is sweet,
And the river is singing a dear old tune.

Only a dream from a dreamer's brain,
But there never was a dream like this,
Of the rose's bloom, and lily's perfume,
And a woman's eyes and lips to kiss.

OF THE OVER-CAREFUL.

The man who carries caution to extraordinary lengths is sometimes seen in a police-court, presenting some strange request. A metropolitan magistrate had to deal with the application of a young man who believed himself in grave peril of matrimony and wanted the stipendiary to protect him. He owned that he was engaged to be married. But he had since ascertained that the girl who had his promise liked two strings to her bow and was playing him off with a rival.

The magistrate called thus to act offhand in Cupid's court observed that if such was the young woman's conduct there was a very proper and sufficient reason for revoking the contract. This was the applicant's own feeling, but nevertheless he was shaking in his shoes. He would like to have orders of the court in his favor, and against the risks of being swept unwillingly away to church.

"Yes, sir, but then, do not let me marry her," he pleaded, with a pathos that only moved the unsympathetic listeners to bursts of hilarity.

But there is no document known that can forbid a qualified person of either sex to enter matrimonial bonds, and the young man had to be cast upon his own resources of resolution.

In breach of promise cases caution would usually seem to be conspicuous by its absence. But the flavor of the humorous side of the quality comes out distinctly in a letter of a swain recently read in court.

"I wish, my darling," said the prudent lover, "that you would not write me such long letters. If you were to bring an action for breach of promise against me the lawyers would copy the correspondence between us, and charge five cents for every folio of seventy-two words. The shorter the letters the more we save from the lawyers."

It is clear that the spirit of prophecy was upon that young man. And it is also self-evident that he grossly overdid his caution, "and gave himself away" to the very profession whose prospective pickings he was anxious to reduce. It was a decided plum for the lawyers.

Probably there was one man at least who thought that caution spoils in excess and that a lady wooed and not willing may prove this fact. He was a reasonably successful author, and he relates the story, though it tended to his own discomfiture. He had made a proposal of marriage to a charming young woman, in every way suited—as he judged—to be the queen of his home. But she was coy, and claimed time to weigh over such a serious matter. To this he could take no exception.

But next day he received a faint-hearted little note—"Do you think it is safe?" and with this circumspect query a bundle of books arrived. These included "The Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius," and certain modern biographies that hint broadly at peril in the path for those who would link their fate with men of intellectual gifts. It was an embarrassing rebuff.

Parents, as well as people matrimonially inclined, can overdo caution. A Danish emigrant who was making for the Western States with his large family of thirteen children had harassing fears that he might lose one of the number. He hit on an original plan for taking care of his bright-eyed treasures. People might laugh and launch gibes at him; he was impervious to satire. He believed he knew his own business best. The thirteen lads and lasses were made into a human chain by a small rope passed round the arm of each.

In this unusual way they journeyed from Denmark to Milwaukee. Where one went in any strange place all had to go. At every march they became a quaint attraction. But they were safe, and that was the main thing.

Tradesmen generally suffer most by not being wary enough. But it does sometimes happen that the mistake is of the opposite kind. The keeper of a successful German livery-stable had a new customer of whom he knew nothing. The stranger wished to hire for the day the best horse and vehicle at the disposal of the establishment. His credentials seemed fair, but the cab-proprietor was unduly suspicious.

At length the applicant resented the want of confidence and resolved to teach the other a sharp lesson. He proposed to pay down the price of the horse and vehicle before he used them, stipulating that the money should be returned in full when he came back. The offer was accepted and the turn-out was soon ready. At night the customer duly reappeared at the stables, gave up horse and trap and counted over his money.

"Now there's the hire," said the livery-stable keeper. "Sir!" was the quiet but convincing reply, "there was no hire at all. I have been driving my own horse and trap all day."

Prudence had over-shot the mark and was out of pocket and out of temper.

There can be no doubt that at the time of the dynamite explosions in England, and in Paris after the anarchist attempts, dread of this form of violence touched the point of foolishness. And the same kind of scare has produced comical incidents in Russia. Last Christmas Mme. Nikita, the celebrated singer, was in St. Petersburg. Some English friends thought fit to forward a large English plum-pudding as a surprise and a seasonable present. The box that contained it did not at once reach its destination.

Instead it went to the nearest police station, and there was poking and prodding of it, and shaking of anxious heads. Finally a letter was sent to the fair singer acquainting her with the circumstance that a box was awaiting her commands.

But a surprise was in store. The box was found at the bottom of a tank of water. It was thought that it might contain an infernal machine, and in spite of curiosity nobody had had sufficient courage to open it. Now they saw the unpacking of a good honest English plum-pudding. It was a capital Yule-tide jest.

Grains of Gold.

Keep cool; anger is not argument.

Thinking right will keep us from doing wrong.

When we fall upon a rock, we know how hard it is. When we are thrown upon our own resources, we learn how great they are.

It is wisdom to think, and folly to sit without thinking.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.

A great many people are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.

Courage is that quality of mind which makes us forget how afraid we are.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

It is less dangerous to slip with the foot than with the tongue. Let this be remembered.

Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours, a part of yourself.

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you can.

They err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

Femininities.

If the kitchen table has no casters, buy a set and have them put on. It will save a deal of strength.

A harmless caprice of fashion is the revival of the old time sedan chair, which has been inaugurated by fashionable English people.

We are thankful every time we see a fashion plate that, with all their trying, men and women can't make themselves look like them.

Queen Victoria long ago discarded the use of stays. Princess Beatrice, following her mother's example, has discarded the use of corsets.

Melville Evilsizer, aged 28 years, and Victoria Steinberger, 13 years old, eloped and were married at Springfield, Ohio, several days ago.

To restore the color of black kid boots take a small quantity of black ink, mix it with the white of an egg, and apply it to the boots with a soft sponge.

For washing finger marks from looking-glasses or windows, put a few drops of spirits of ammonia on a moist rag, and make quick work of removing them.

Teacher in kindergarten: "You've omitted something, Mabel, in making your letter i's. What is it?" Mabel: "I guess I forgot to put eyebrows over them."

A Frenchman estimates that there are 51,000 breweries in the world, 25,240 of which are in Germany. According to him there are 2300 breweries in the United States.

Dip dishes in hot water and wipe, rather than set them in the oven to become fire-cracked and brown, or on the stove shelf to grow dusty and soil the tablecloth.

Have a pair of crocheted bedroom shoes coming high up the ankle with which to patter around the room at night, or to slip on when getting up in the morning to start the fires.

Mrs. Nancy Cosby, aged 85 years, of Geneva, Georgia, is the mother of 11 children. Her descendants number 65 grandchildren, 121 great-grandchildren and 18 great-great-grandchildren.

Miss Abbie Halston Coe, aged 86 years, who died at Newark, New Jersey, a few days ago, was among the young ladies chosen to welcome Lafayette when he visited Newark in 1824.

She, after an absence of several years abroad: "How do you do? So delighted, I'm sure. Not married yet? Why, the last time I saw you, it seems to me you were engaged." He: "Yes, I was." She: "Let's see; to whom?" He: "To you."

A curious will is to be placed on record in Louisville. It was written by a young woman who recently committed suicide by taking poison. In the last agonies of death she had scrawled her parting injunctions to her friends in this world on the pillow with a dull pencil. The pillow case is to be regularly recorded and filed.

The unmarried young people of McDonough, Georgia, have formed a Matrimonial Alliance. The object of the club is to secure suitable husbands and wives for its members. Each person joining the organization will be required to pay an initiation fee of $10, which amount will be presented to the first member who secures a mate.

During a dinner at the Bulwers, Dean Swift became the subject of conversation; and when the ladies had retired, one of them asked Lady Lytton: "Who is this Doctor Swift? Can I ask him to my parties?" "Hardly so." "Why not?" "Because he did a thing, some years since, which eventually prevented his ever appearing again in society." "What was that?" "Why, he only died about a hundred years ago."

A prayer meeting which lasted for eight continuous hours was held in the Fairmount Methodist Church, Baltimore, a few nights ago. Court officers were trying to serve legal papers on Pastor Wallace, but he refused to see them, and organized a prayer-meeting. When the pastor had become nearly exhausted by talking and praying, his wife came to his relief and held the attention of the congregation until the pastor recovered his wind.

No more practical use for a cat has been hit upon than that lately devised by a Portland merchant. He owns a very docile little kitten, white as snow. One day, finding that he was out of blotting paper, when he had finished a letter, the kitten was used in place of it, and found to be an excellent substitute, she fur taking up the superfluous ink like a sponge, and he has continued to employ kitty in this way, giving her a curious piebald appearance.

Here is a Kentucky girl's picture of the ideal man who would make a good husband: "If I wished to marry—which, of course, I do not—I would desire a man too noble to commit a mean act, but generous enough to forgive one. A man as gentle as a woman, as manly as a man; one who does not talk scandal nor tell disagreeable truths. A man whose name I would be proud to bear, to whom I would carry my doubts and perplexities, and with whom I would find sympathy and joy."

Masculinities.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

One of the easiest things to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.

The strongest man in the world is the one who can best control himself.

Red neckwear is ultra for coaching purposes for man, maid and madam.

Large, wide-spread nostrils are said to show ample lungs and good health.

Too many bright young men try to make their conversation spicy with cloves.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

The union of energy and wisdom makes the completest character and the most powerful life.

Eight hundred and thirty-eight pairs of corsets for men were made by one firm in England last year.

A man needs no spectacles to see the beauty of uprightness when he peers through an iron-barred door.

Twelve and thirteen years, it is reported, are the respective ages of a recently married couple at St. Johns, Mich.

The German Emperor has had a pianoforte constructed for him which has been entirely made of bits of stags' horns.

If you want to see worldly ambition struggling with a righteous desire to be good, take a woman to church with an old hat on.

"My dear fellow, I am awfully glad to see you! I do hope you are in a position to lend me the $10 that you borrowed from me."

When people won't do for us what we are perfectly willing to do for them as long as we have no chance to do it, then we say they are selfish.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture, like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it.

He: "Are you happy, now that you are married?" She: "Comparatively." He: "Compared with whom?" She: "Compared with my husband."

Old ostrich feathers can be made to look as well as new by holding them over hot steam, then drawing each vane of the feather separately over a knife to curl it.

Collector: "Will you subscribe towards the decoration of the soldiers' graves?" Mr. Tragor: "No, sir! The man whose graves I want to decorate ain't dead yet."

Sister: "I don't think that girl you are engaged to is very pretty." Brother: "She is beautiful when she smiles." "Yes, but she won't smile much after marrying you."

Germany has five and a half millions of women who earn their own living. They have to earn it or die. That is one of the results of a standing and unproductive army.

Young women of Germany have a superstition that if they bury a drop of their blood under a rosebush it will ever after insure the experimenter a pair of rosy cheeks.

Miss Moire, starting out with Mrs. Hoppin to match a piece of ribbon: "I suppose we'd better go to Clints & Poplin's first?" Mrs. Hoppin: "No, indeed, we won't; they'll be sure to have it there."

A traveler who was visiting Naples had his attention called to a placard posted on the door of a little shop in the Via Toledo and informing the public that "the title of duke is offered for sale—inquire within."

Fritz Christen, aged 23 years, from Switzerland, who arrived at Ellis Island a few days ago, is reputed to be one of the smallest immigrants ever landed. He is said to stand but two feet and a half in height.

Inventor Edison is a vegetarian. Novelist H. Rider Haggard is a vegetarian. Professor Swing is a vegetarian. Sir Isaac Newton was a vegetarian. All the Greek philosophers, sages and seers ate no flesh.

Do not think because a young woman always appears neat and tidy that she spends the greater part of her time with thread and needle. Before coming to this conclusion it is well to examine her mother's left forefinger.

Wife, to husband: "Why is young Tomkins called a good fellow by his friends?" Husband: "Because he is always good-natured and pleasant, can tell a story well, spends his money freely and shamefully neglects his family."

Miss Flypp: "I don't believe that a woman should marry her opposite!" Miss Trivvet: "Don't you?" Miss Flypp: "No, I don't! Do you suppose I could be happy with a man who possessed neither beauty nor mental attainments."

Victor Balliot, a Frenchman, who served with Napoleon at Waterloo and was left for dead on the battlefield, captured by the English, and, after spending a year in a Plymouth, England, hospital, was sent home in what the doctors termed the last stages of consumption, recently celebrated his 100th birthday in his native village in the Yonne, and made a very animated speech when his health was toasted.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Just now the country is so full of dukes and counts and earls and other high and mighty foreigners that our girls and even their big married sisters are spending half their time looking at them. Soldiers there are, too, and diplomats—just pure, simple, rich men—and jolly sailors, to say nothing of the naval officers—so many of them all that it is a wonder the poor girls are not dazed worse than they are by so much brilliancy.

It is funny to me, but actually every girl I have seen since the great naval parade has worn a gown more or less military or sailor fashion. Blue flannel and serge suits with brass buttons are seen everywhere, and blue suits with military braid are at a premium, and these dresses are just as sure to break out in the west as they did here. It is the unconscious effort to show how much the girls admire a uniform. They like the uniform in the abstract, and they like it in the application. It has always been so and always will be, and who blames them? The band passes the school. Discipline is forgotten, and girls and teachers crowd the windows to see the soldiers pass. A handsome man may walk along the street in plain clothes and receive a passing glance, but the insignificent little runt behind him in a uniform becomes the object of keen interest. The "best boy" must stand in a corner and gnaw his moustaches when a captain with his uniform asks the girl to dance.

The Russian admirals and captains and counts, in their dark green, had many admirers at the great ball given in their honor, and none of them lacked partners, but they one and all tried to obtain the felicity of dancing with the belle of the ball, who had been quick witted enough to have a gown made of dark Russian green sicilienne, bordered with sable, and with no ornament save her own beauty. The dress was princess front and back, with a demitrain laid in two heavy plaits. She did not task partners. Let some other bright girl do the same if she wants to create a sensation.

So many of our belles and beauties are getting the most stunning gowns ready to go to Chicago that it is only fair to tell other young ladies what they are going to wear so that they may not be handicapped in the race. One has a sage green cloth skirt, with two ruffles of changeable silk green and white, made with a short British military jacket of dark red, opening over a white crape vest, a regular "Tommy Atkins" jacket, and very neat and pretty it is. This same jacket of full tailor make, which is quite expensive, will also be worn with a black serge skirt with the gold braids down each side. The hat to go with this will be anything that suits the complexion or caprice of the wearer.

WATCHING THE PARADE.

Another is of fine blue serge as to skirt, with several rows of black stitching around the bottom. The waist is a postilion jacket buttoned with small round gold buttons and trimmed with hussar gold braid and small frogs. Others have hussar trimmings in black silk cord and frogs. Sailor styles are rampant, and some of the advanced houses—that is, the very highest priced ones—have a quantity of regular sailor caps for their fair clientele with the names of the ships upon them, and we are now liable to see the summer maiden's eyes flash under the gold letters of her favorite ship.

The collars have fouled anchors, and north stars and regular bo'sun's cords and whistles are around the necks. We have seen sailor suits before and thought little of it, but now the tailors are working night and day to fill the sudden demand for "middy" jackets and military capes, coats and skirts, which, however, seem to follow foreign styles and colors closer than they do our own. The West Point cadet jacket that was seen once in awhile is out of favor now, and if Uncle Sam has a bit of the right sort of feeling he will immediately spend several millions putting more gold lace and buttons on our soldiers and sailors—yes, indeed, and more feathers on their hats, and have the tailor give six sets of buttons with every uniform, so that every girl that wants one can have it—I mean the button, not the uniform.

It seems to me that every American girl ought to feel just now like having her dresses made out of the star spangled banner and her hat trimmed with the American eagle's feathers, and all that, but just so perverse is womankind they all want to wear the colors and regalia of some other country.

And the funniest thing! Mothers are rushing all over trying to have suits made for their little boys like the "military," and military tailors and findings come high. Why don't they have their boys dressed like Christopher Columbus? Perhaps the boys might not like it.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Swiss Tart.—Six ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, one dessert spoonful of sugar, the yolk of an egg. Rub the butter among the flour and sugar, mix the yolk with a little water, and make the whole into a stiff paste. Roll this round. Have a tart-ring greased; put the round of paste in it; fill this with stewed apples, peaches, or any other fruit, and put in the oven till the paste is ready. For the top, beat up with the whites of two eggs; mix them with one tablespoonful of fine sugar; spread some of this on the top, and with the remainder ornament the tart.

Rolled Herrings.—Choose fishes that have soft roes; scrape, wash, cut off the heads, split open, take out the roes, and cleanse the fish; grasp each in the left hand, and with thumb and finger of the right hand press and loose the backbone; then lay flat on a board, and draw the bone out whole. Dissolve a little fresh butter; pass the inner side of the fish through it, sprinkle with pepper and salt, then roll up tightly, with fin and tail outside; roll in flour, dust with pepper and salt, and skewer or tie with thread to keep it in shape. Fry quickly in boiling fat for ten minutes, take up and set on a plate before the fire to drain; mix pepper and salt with flour, pass the roes through it, fry brown, and use with parsley as garnish.

Chicken Croquettes.—One large chicken; two sweetbreads; two ounces of butter; one wine-glass of milk; one loaf of stale baker's bread; pepper, salt, parsley, onion, and two eggs. Boil the chicken and sweetbreads separately until tender—saving the chicken broth. Chop both together very fine; season with pepper, salt, parsley and one teaspoonful of grated onion. Grate or rub bread until you have equal quantities of crumbs and chicken. Take as much chicken broth as will moisten the crumbs, add the milk, butter, and then let boil; then stir in the crumbs, mix with the meat, and when sufficiently cool stir in the two eggs well beaten. Mould into croquettes; roll in crumbs or Indian meal and fry in lard.

Mignons de Volaille.—Mignons de Volaille or darling little dishes of creamed chicken are put up in egg-shaped moulds. The cold chicken is finely minced, given a dash of mace or nutmeg, and salt and cayenne pepper. They are shaped with raw white of egg and milk, thickened by boiling it with rice flour. They are steamed in the moulds, and when opened are served on a rich puree of green peas or spinach. Just a taste of mashed liver added to the minced chicken gives it richness, with a little butter to incorporate the whole.

ROADS IN FRANCE.—France is one of the best paved countries in the world. The first Napoleon instituted and carried out a road system which gave France the roads which are lasting monuments to the Napoleonic foresight and shrewdness. These roads, always passable and reaching all the centres of population, are competitors of the railways. They are of greater value to the farmer than the railways, and have served as a means of putting the peasant farmers in communication with the market, besides increasing the value of farming land.

MRS. ELIZABETH COATES, aged 86 years, of New Rochelle, N. Y., was struck and instantly killed by a train on Monday. She had been in the habit of walking the tracks, and had been repeatedly warned of the danger of so doing, but always laughingly replied that the train had not been built that could kill her.

IN A PLAYFUL MOOD.

I was once very sweet on a pretty girl who was unfortunate enough to be big sister to a fiend of the small-boy kind. The pretty girl's name was Mabel, and our little love affair was progressing most beautifully when I went, "all in my Sunday best," one evening to escort her to a theatre.

Before I could ring the bell the small boy banged the front door open and popped out.

"You May's young man?" he asked, with an abruptness that took my breath.

"Is Miss Mabel in?" I asked, with freezing dignity.

He leered at me out of his left eye, stuck his tongue in his cheek, and whirled three times round on his left heel before saying—

"That's what she is. She's upstairs riggin' herself out too fine for anything. She's got on ma's rings and Aunt Sarah's gold chain and—"

"Bob!" came in sharp, agonised tones from the head of the stairs.

"And she's had her fringe baking on hair pins for over an hour, and—"

"You Robert," cried the voice of Bob's mother. But Bob went on pitilessly.

"And she's got the stunningest new dress, and it isn't paid for neither; and won't pa go it when the bill comes for her new hat! Ma says he will, but May says she don't care if he does. May's plucky, she is; you'll find it out if she pulls off her little scheme of marrying you, and—"

"Robert James, come up here this instant!" is shouted from the stair landing. But Robert James goes on placidly.

"You've come to take May to the theatre, ain't you? I know it, 'cause May's been jawin' 'cause you didn't get dress circle tickets instead of the front row in the upper boxes. I said I'd tell on her 'cause she gave me a crack on the head for losing the pencil she does up her eyebrows with. I bid her plate that's got her three front teeth, but pa thrashed me into givin' 'em up before he went to town. May says—"

Bob's mother came hastily down the stairs, very red in the face and very wild of eye. Bob bounds down the steps and disappears round the house, but thrusts his head out to say—

"How sweet you are! Oh, my! you dear little thing! Better get that moustache under cover 'fore the frost nips it. Whose darling is 'oo?"

"Walk in, Mr. H.," says dear Mabel's mamma, making a frantic effort to appear calm. "Our Robert is in one of his playful moods. He is so full of spirits. Mabel is so sorry, but a sudden indisposition has—"

"Pickles an' cheese an' cucumbers for supper!" cries Bob, appearing at an open window.

"The dear child has a most wretched headache. So sorry, but you will excuse her for this evening."

"Take me instead, won't you, sweety?" asks Bob.

I drag my wounded vanity away. I am as broken and bruised in spirit as I wish Bob was in his head. Mabel and I meet no more. We have not the moral courage to do so while Bob is above ground.

FONDNESS FOR COPPER.—Some of the tribes of Africa prefer copper money to any other sort of metal, and copper ornaments to all others. This is especially true of the Niam-Niam cannibals, who are particularly delighted with the English bar copper of one inch diameter. Expeditions to the territory of the Niam-Niam, therefore, have generally been forced to include several coppersmiths, and these men as soon as the Niam-Niam land was reached applied themselves to transforming the bars of copper into rings of sizes varying from that of a bracelet to that of a tiny finger ring. And so great is the love of the Niam-Niam for these baubles that even one of the small copper finger rings (value less than a halfpenny) would purchase a fat chicken of them.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line, at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 per cent. below regular rates. These tickets will be valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders to stop over at Baltimore, Washington, or any other point, going and returning.

Besides the opportunity of visiting Washington, a privilege afforded by no other route, tourists via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will traverse the historic Potomac Valley, the theatre of the war between the States. At Cumberland they will be offered a choice of routes, via Pittsburgh, or across the Alleghany mountains 3000 feet above the level of the sea and via Deer Park and Oakland, the famous summer resorts. The scenery along the Baltimore & Ohio route is the most picturesque in America. Pullman accommodations may be reserved in advance of journey. For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. ticket Agent, or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

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A good idea for the easy study of Latin and Greek is "Tusculum," a fine publication issued at the Rugby Academy, this city.

"The Rag-Picker of Paris," by Felix Pyat, is one of the most weird and thrilling French romances ever written. It has taken its place in the world of letters as a classic novel. Splendidly printed and illustrated. Published in the "Rose Library," by the Worthington Co., New York.

FEAR IN NOTABLE MEN.

Hans Christian Andersen, the foremost Danish writer of his day, was perpetually under the impression that he had just escaped a grievous catastrophe, and by the skin of his teeth. His letters often had a touch of the ludicrous from this cause. Usually the supposed peril was of a physical type. Life appeared a continual walk by the edge of a precipice. Even a boyish trip through Zealand was in his eyes not "without danger, for the road went up and down several times." He is said to have also shared in a special degree a fear that preys on many more commonplace minds, that of being buried alive. For many years Hans Christian Andersen kept by his bedside a paper on which was written a warning that he was only apparently dead.

A similar morbid anxiety afflicted Schopenhauer, the modern apostle of pessimism. Dark thoughts were always haunting him. He was timorous at every new circumstance, and lived in chronic expectation of some overwhelming evil. Suspicion of his fellows seemed ingrained in his nature. We are told that the heads and tips of his pipes were kept under lock and key, and he never committed his chin to the barber's razor. His valuables even were so successfully concealed that, in spite of the Latin directions contained in his will, it was difficult to find some of them.

Gossipy old Pepys, whose "Diary," with its lifelike pictures, teaches us history in such pleasant fashion, was by his own confession a victim to childish fears. He paid a visit one autumn evening to Stonehenge, and the eerie loneliness of Salisbury Plain soon chilled his courage. Superstitious fancies could easily people the solitude. The gay man of the world was ill-pleased with his venture. "It being very dark, it frightened me to be all alone," he naively says.

Nervousness has before now vanquished a young actor who afterwards grasped the laurels with a firm hand. John Gilbert was a finished artist and fine old player. As a beginner he was laudably ambitious, and his pleasure was great when the chance offered to appear as Sir Frederick Vernon in an adaptation of Rob Roy, produced in New York. But his hopes on this occasion were blighted. He was unaccountably seized with severe "stage fright," could only stammer and exhibit incompetence, and but for a stout heart might have failed finally. But he tried later on in another role, and then he found that self-disgust had worked a cure.

Emilio Castelar, the silver-tongued Spanish tribune, is simply miserable on the eve of a great speech. His unrest and anxiety on such occasions are a characteristic feature of the man. He wanders distraught about the building in which the Cortes is in session. "He rushes into the cafe to take a glass of water; seems to be seized with a fever; fancies he will not know how to put the words together; that he will be laughed at or hissed; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head—he has confused and forgotten everything"—until the moment when he looks round upon the expectant faces and delivers the first sentence of his address. Then words do not fail; they come to his help in stately, sonorous order. Then courage does not flag. He is a statesman with a mission, inspired and earnest. Every atom of timorousness has evaporated.

A TIME BALL.—The five-foot time ball to be dropped at the World's Fair will be made of canvas on a steel frame. It will be wound up each day to the height from which it is to fall, and it will be set and electrically connected in such a manner that the breaking of the circuit at 12 noon will release it. The cable by which it will be controlled has already been laid, connecting the new observatory with the entire Western Union Telegraph system.

Within thirty days it will be in operation, the touch of a button at the Washington end of it instantly transmitting notice of the hour over 350,000,000 miles of wire. When that button speaks the whole country will listen, and the hands of 70,000 electric clocks all over the United States will point to the correct minute and second. There are 7000 such clocks in New York city alone. All railways, factories and industries of every kind pay attention to this signal.

Three minutes before noon each day all the Western Union lines are cleared of business, every operator takes his finger from the key, circuits are opened, and, at the instant when the sun passes the 75th meridian, the spark of intelligence is flashed to all parts of the country. It requires less than one fifth of a second to reach San Francisco.

MOTTOES OF STATES.—Maine "Dirigo," I direct, or guide.

New Hampshire—Granite State; no motto.

Vermont—Freedom and unity.

Massachusetts—With the sword she seeks quiet and peace under difficulties.

Rhode Island—Hope.

Connecticut—He who transplanted, still sustains.

New York—"Excelsior," higher yet.

Pennsylvania—Virtue, liberty and independence.

Maryland—Grow and multiply.

Virginia—Ever so to tyrants.

W. Virginia—Mountaineers are always freemen.

N. Carolina—No motto.

S. Carolina—Prepared in mind and resources, ready to give life and property.

Georgia—Wisdom, justice and moderation.

Florida—In God is our trust.

Alabama—No motto.

Mississippi—No motto.

Louisiana—Justice, union and confidence.

Texas—No motto.

Arkansas—The people rule.

Tennessee—Agriculture and commerce.

Kentucky—United we stand, divided we fall.

Ohio—No motto.

Indiana—No motto.

Michigan—If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here

Illinois—State sovereignty, national union.

Missouri—The welfare of the people is the supreme law.

Iowa—Our liberties we prize, our rights we will maintain.

Wisconsin—Forward.

Minnesota—The star of the north.

Kansas—To the stars through difficulties.

California—"Eureka" (I have found it).

Oregon—The union.

Nebraska—Popular sovereignty and progress.

Nevada—Willing and able.

Colorado—Nothing without God.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 5's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

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An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

"Wall, she had her skirts all on when I went in, all a foamin' and a shinin', down onto the carpet, a glisterin' pile of pink satin and white lace, and poseys. Gorgus enough for a princess."

"At last Miss Flamm spoke and says she, as she kinder craned herself before the glass, "How do you like my dress?"

"Oh," says I, wantin' to make myself agreeable, "the skirts are beautiful, but I can't judge how the hull dress looks, you know, till you get your waist on."

"My waist?" says she. "Yes," says I. "I have got it on," says she.

"Where is it?" says I, a lookin' at her closer through my specks, "Where is the waist?"

"Here," says she, a pintin' to a pink belt ribbon, and a string of beads over each shoulder.

Says I, "Miss Flamm, do you call that a waist?"

Says I, "Do you tell me, Miss Flamm, that you are goin' down into that crowd of promiscuous men and womnen, with noshin' but them strings on to cover you?" Says I, "Do you tell me that, and you a perfessor and a Christian?"

"Yes," says she, "I paid $300 for this dress, and it haint likely I am going to miss"—

OPINIONS OF CRITICS.

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"It is an evangel of the keenest sarcasm on the follies of fashion."—*Lutheran Observer.*

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Humorous.

HIS TRIBUTE.

Under an ancient elm she stood,
A fairy form in grey;
Her eyes were as bright as the stars at night,
And she merrily trilled a lay.

I stood in the shadow and watched her face,
It was eerie and passing fair,
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul:
Ne'er heard I a voice like that;
And I threw all I owned at her very feet—
For she was my neighbor's cat.

—B. S.

Explained.

He—"Speaking of presence of mind, I remember being in a panic once when I lost my wits completely."

She—"Oh, was that the way?"

When silence is broken, "the least said, the soonest mended."

The modern giant comes high, but the circuses must have him.

"Well, here is your cell," said the warden. "Please don't call it a cell," said the gentlemanly embezzler; "call it a state-room, please."

The groom: "I can't see that check your father placed among the wedding presents." The bride: "Papa is so absent-minded. He lit his cigar with it."

"Last evening I was introduced to a girl worth half a million." "Great Cæsar! What did you do?" "I asked her if she believed in love at first sight."

"What are you in for?" "Matrimony," said the prisoner. "That isn't a crime." "Yes, it is. I neglected to kill my first wife before marrying my second."

Wife: "I'll have our daughter marry for money." Husband: "I should think you would rather have her marry for love." Wife: "No, sir. I married for love myself."

"That's a good minstrel show at my house," said a local dime museum proprietor. "The living skeleton laughed at the jokes till he grew so fat that I had to discharge him."

Mrs. Trotter: "Dr. Prosy is a very finished speaker, but his sermon seemed to lack point this morning." Mr. T.: "That's just it; his sentences are too carefully rounded off."

"The price of whisky has been raised again," said Colonel Bluid, of Kentucky. "Well," answered his neighbor, "there is one good thing, it can't cost more than it is worth."

Editor, having glanced at contributor's joke: "Where's the other?" Contributor: "Other? There isn't any other." Editor: "Um! I thought Noah took two of every kind in the ark."

Jinks: "When burglars were in your house the other night did Mrs. Filkins look under the bed for a man?" Filkins: "Yes; and found one, too!" Jinks: "One of the burglars?" Filkins: "No, me!"

Fond mamma: "Why, what have you in your apron?" Little daughter: "Oh, mamma! Such good luck. Dotty Simpson's cat had six kittens, and her mamma would not let her keep but one, so she gave me the other five."

Servant, answering bell: "My master isn't in, sir; you may leave the bill if you wish." Caller, in surprise: "Bill! I have no bill. I wish to—" Servant, in surprise also: "No bill! Then you must have called at the wrong house!"

"By the by, deah boy, you cut Norton just now, don'tcherknow?" "Ya-as. We cawn't weccognise a *fellow* like him, y'know." "But he was photographed in a group with Wales, deah boy." "Ya-as, and then so far forgets himself as to marry a daughtaw of the Wevolution, by Jawve!"

"Dunn has played me a mean trick." "He has? In what way?" "I sent him to you a few days ago to collect that little bill you owe, and the knave hasn't turned up with the money yet. Likely as not he has appropriated it." "I—oh—I—the fact is, I didn't pay him, but I will pay you now, and you can send me a receipt." "Oh, ah! I didn't think—thank you. I was mistaken about Dunn, after all."

How One Sheep Rescued Another.—While the Rev. Edward Husband, of Folkestone, Eng., was riding past a field on his tricycle one day, an excited sheep ran up to him bleating piteously. The moment he stopped the sheep galloped towards the farther end of the field, and then raced back to him looking at him beseechingly and still bleating. Though Mr. Husband could see nothing but trees at the end of the field, he was forced to go along with the sheep, so intelligently did the creature show that it wanted his help. Therefore on he went, the sheep leading. At a particular spot he saw it run round and round in the same excited fashion, as much as to say, "Hurry up as fast as you can." And when Mr. Husband reached the place he found that a sheep had fallen into a deep stream of water and was struggling in vain to get out. Thanks, however, to its fellow sheep and to Mr. Husband the animal was saved from drowning. And yet people will call sheep stupid.

By a Ruse.—Some years ago the Abbe Liszt was staying in Rome, but he was not easily induced to play when in the salons of the Italian nobility. A young princess, who was desirous that the Abbe should favor her at her party with a display of his musical talents, resorted to a ruse.

She had noticed that whenever Liszt was present at a social gathering her friends had taken special care to open the piano, and in such cases it was almost impossible to get the artist to touch the instrument. At her own soiree she locked the piano and put the key in her pocket.

Liszt was spared on that occasion any request to play, and all the evening no mention was made of his art. This unusual attitude evidently surprised him. Presently he began to walk to and fro in a nervous manner before the locked instrument.

At last he could no longer conceal his excitement, and personally requested the princess to give him the key of the instrument. Then he played.

An Unfortunate Exhibition.—Meddlesome folk generally prefuse their unwelcome remarks with the assertion that they never interfere in other people's affairs; having so said, they immediately proceed to interfere as much as possible, and sometimes receive their reward.

"I have made it a rule through life," said a pompous man at table the other day to his neighbor, "never to meddle with another man's business."

"That's right—perfectly right," was the reply.

"But I see you have a new confidential clerk. He's a dreadful person; I have seen him intoxicated a dozen times, and I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with a penny. Took him out of charity, eh?"

"Well, not altogether, you know. He happens to be my eldest son."

There was a period of silence so painful that both wished that someone would shout "Fire!" to break it up.

A Occupation for Pretty Women.—The most curious occupation we have heard of lately, is that of a young woman who earns her bread and butter by being photographed. Latterly, there has been a demand for fashion pictures which look life-like, and women with pretty faces are beginning to be appealed to to lend their features and their figures for the purpose. The professional fashion model will be an institution shortly. The young girl spoken of is already in the field. She poses on a divan as carefully as for an Academy picture, to bring out her own best points and those of an evening gown. She plays tennis, she poises on an alpenstock. Fashion illustrations have lagged so far behind other pictures that it has been ruin to a wood-engraver who aspired to anything better than to work on them. The standard is now going to be raised.

The Mother-in-Law.—The mother-in-law appears to be a source of unfailing amusement to the Frenchman. Read this extract from a Parisian publication:—

"Two friends met after a separation of several years.

"'You are married?' asks one.

"'Yes. I sent you cards.'

"'How's your mother-in-law?'

"'An admirable woman—a heart of gold. I never heard of one like her.'

"'You speak sarcastically.'

"'Not at all.'

"'What do you mean, then?'

"'I never knew her. The poor woman was dead when I married her daughter.'"

New parlor maid: "Here's a letter, ma'am, if you please."—New Mistress: "Pray, Mary, are you not accustomed to see letters handed on a tray?"—"Yes, ma'am. But I didn't know you was."

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FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, still demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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The new mortgage law, permitting the mortgagor to retain possession for eighteen months after sale without paying interest or taxes, will cause many foreclosures.

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REFERENCES:—
Horton, C. J. Supreme Court, Kansas.
Johnson, J. " " "
Northrup Banking Company, Kansas City, Kansas.

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Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Sts.

3.55, 8.20, 9.20, 11.25 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.00, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 8.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

7.20 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.25, 8.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, and 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Additional trains from Ninth and Green, week-days, 8.45 p m. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, leave Ninth and Green Streets, 2.20, 3.15, 3.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 3.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Market street at 11.02 a m, 12.37, 3.07, 6.07, 7.30 p m. Sundays, 10.47 a m, 12.42, 3.12, 6.40, 7.37 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.25 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

9.8 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.15 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m Daily Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge, New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 8.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 8.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 8.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

9.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.25 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

5.00 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express, 8.00 a m, 2.00, 5.00, 6.00, 8.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.30 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 1.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.00 a m, 5.30 p m. Returning, leave Clementon, 8.32, 11.02 a m, 3.02, 4.32, 7.32, 8.32 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 5.00, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.01, 4.45, 6.00 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.00 p m.

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